



THE SANITARIAN.

1873

1891

A. N. BELL, A.M., M.D., EDITOR.

Based at the outset upon Naval service, and extensive observation of the effects of climate and locality on health in different quarters of the world and large experience in dealing with epidemic diseases:

"THE SANITARIAN is THE BEST sanitary publication in America" (*Mississippi Valley Medical Monthly*); "Easily maintains its superiority over all similar publications" (*Medical World*); and "Has accomplished more good than all of the other Sanitary papers put together" (*Hydraulic and Sanitary Plumber*); "Such journals as THE SANITARIAN are most valuable to non-professional readers in showing how in a thousand ways disease may be prevented; and, when it does come, the intelligent physician will be all the better appreciated by those who are conversant with the facts such a publication disseminates." (*The Living Church*.)

THE SANITARIAN will continue in its present form, 96 pages text monthly; two volumes yearly. The volumes begin January and July. Subscription at any time.

\$4.00 a year, in advance. 35 cents a number. Sample copies 20 cents—ten two-cent postage stamps. All communications should be addressed to A. N. BELL, M.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

American Journal of Science.

FOUNDED BY PROFESSOR SILLIMAN IN 1818.

Devoted to Chemistry, Physics, Geology, Physical Geography, Mineralogy, Natural History, Astronomy, and Meteorology.

EDITORS:

JAMES D. DANA and EDWARD S. DANA.

Associate Editors: J. P. COOKE, GEORGE L. GOODALE, and JOHN TROWBRIDGE of Cambridge; H. A. NEWTON and A. E. VERRILL, of Yale; and G. F. BARKER of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Two volumes of 480 pages each, published annually in *Monthly Numbers*.

This Journal ended its *first* series of 50 volumes, as a quarterly in 1845, and its *second* series of 50 volumes as a two-monthly, in 1870. The monthly series commenced in 1871.

Subscription price \$6; 50 cents a number. A few sets on sale of the first and second series.

Address the Proprietors,

J. D. and E. S. DANA,

New Haven, Conn.

COMPLETE SETS

OF

THE LIVING AGE,

AT A LARGE DISCOUNT.

The publishers have a small number of Complete Sets of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, which they offer at a large reduction from former prices.

As the Sets cannot be reprinted, the last opportunity is now offered not only to procure them cheaply, but to procure them at all.

The last number of the year 1872 completed the *Fourth Series*, and the *One Hundred and Fifteenth Volume*, from the beginning of the publication. The regular price of volumes has been, in numbers, *two dollars* per volume, or, bound in cloth, *three dollars* per volume. The publishers now offer the Complete Sets to the close of 1872, (115 volumes), as follows:—

In numbers, or sheets, ready for binding, at one-half the subscription price, viz.: \$1.00 per volume; or, bound in black cloth, gilt lettered backs, at \$1.75 per volume.

Purchasers of Complete Sets of the First Four Series may at their option include the whole, or any part, of the *Fifth Series*, to the end of 1890 (72 volumes), at the same rate.

It is hardly necessary to say to those acquainted with the work, that the same amount of such valuable reading cannot otherwise be purchased with three times the money for which it is here offered; and while this reduction in price places Sets within the reach of individuals possessing or forming private libraries, the attention of those interested in State, City, Town, College, or School Libraries is particularly called to this last opportunity of supplying their shelves with a complete work which it is believed no library in the country can (under this offer) afford to be without.

When packing boxes are necessary in forwarding Sets, the cost of the boxes will be added to the bill. Address

LITTELL & CO.,

31 Bedford Street, Boston.

,

of
E,
or-

st
o-
at

ed
nd
he
es
ne,
ne.
ets
ol-

at
per
ed

rst
the
the

ac-
unt
be
for
re-
ach
ate
ted
ool
ast
h a
ary
to

for-
be

V

S
T

M

for
of
let
Lr

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXIII. }

No. 2430. — January 24, 1891.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXXVIII.

CONTENTS

I. ALSACE-LORRAINE IN 1890,	<i>Westminster Review</i> ,	195
II. THE FLIGHT OF THE SHADOW. By George MacDonald, LL.D.,	<i>Sunday Magazine</i> ,	204
III. RURAL LIFE IN FRANCE IN THE FOUR- TEENTH CENTURY. Conclusion,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	228
IV. HENRY VAUGHAN,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	236
V. GIVE BACK THE ELGIN MARBLES,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	240
VI. LIFE AMONG THE DRUSES IN 1845 AND 1882,	<i>Asiatic Quarterly Review</i> ,	245
VII. WESTMINSTER ABBEY,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	250
VIII. THE CAROL,	<i>Speaker</i> ,	252
IX. METEORITIC THEORIES,	<i>Leisure Hour</i> ,	254

POETRY.

SIR CUPID,	194	"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON,"	194
TWILIGHT,	194		

MISCELLANY,	256
-----------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

SIR CUPID.

SIR CUPID once, as I have heard,
Determined to discover
What kind of man a maid preferred
Selecting for a lover,
So, putting on a soldier's coat,
He talked of martial glory;
And from the way he talked, they say,
She seemed to like — the story!

Then, with a smile sedate and grim,
He changed his style and station,
In shovel hat and gaiters trim,
He made his visitation.
He talked of this, discoursed on that,
Of Palestine and Hermon;
And from the way he preached, they say,
She seemed to like — the sermon!

Then changed again, he came to her
A roaring, rattling sailor,
He cried, "Yo ho! I love you so!"
And vowed he'd never fail her.
He talked of star and compass true,
The glories of the ocean,
And from the way he sang, they say,
She seemed to like — the notion!

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,
Discarded his disguises;
"That you no preference seem to find,
My fancy much surprises."
"Why so?" she cried, with roguish smile,
"Why, prithee, why so stupid?
I do not care *what* garb you wear,
So long as you are — Cupid!"
Temple Bar. FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

TWILIGHT.

THE mystic twilight shrouds the dying day,
The wind sobs through the rain,
Which falls like human tears that must have
way,
And ceasing, flow again.

The damp and faded leaves give forth a scent
Sweet, subtle, but which blends
With nature's woe, and adds to the lament
Of life that all life ends.

What wonder that we, too, attuned to grief,
To sadness ever prone,
Find the world's dreary aspect a relief,
And claim it for our own!

How many men and women, even as I,
Behold the day depart,
And consecrate its ending with a sigh
From an o'erburdened heart!

Ah, but God hears them, friends, our dreams
he knows,
The yearning that is pain;
He gave the moaning to the wind that blows,
The sadness to the rain.

He gave them, too, their uses. They will
bring
Rejoicing to the earth;
The flowers, the leafy boughs where glad
birds sing,
The streams that laugh with mirth.

And we, whose hopes are here so incomplete,
Who vainly pine and brood,
May learn that disappointment may be sweet,
And loss our only good.

There shall be no more weeping, we are told,
Where no more there is night,
Where he shall satisfy us, and enfold,
Who is both love and light.

Beloved, take courage. All our sorrows here,
If we but consecrate
To him, he will transform them. Do not fear,
But pray and trust and wait.

He who can make the harvests of the earth
From rain and sun and air,
Will, maybe, change to gems of priceless
worth
Our tears, our griefs, our care.

Here, night and day he in his wisdom made,
The evening and the morn;
Here brightness flickered, light o'ercast by
shade,
The twilight and the dawn.

But in our souls, whatever change betide,
If we but do the right,
God through the darkness will with us abide,
And give us always light.
Leisure Hour. IDA J. LEMON.

"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON."

O WINTER tide, O winter tide,
Thy coming brings us sadness;
Afar are those we hold most dear,
Here men are strange, and skies are drear;
O winter tide, O winter tide,
Thy days are days of sadness.

O merry bells, O merry bells,
That ring a Christmas greeting;
As through the air thy full notes peal,
What softer feelings o'er us steal:
O merry bells, O merry bells,
Ring out a Christmas greeting.

O fairy tide, O fairy tide,
Thy magic gives men gladness;
Though bleak the sky, though chill the wind,
If hearts be warm, if friends be kind,
O Christmas tide, O Christmas tide,
Thy magic gives us gladness.

Göttingen.

T. M.
Academy.

From The Westminster Review.

ALSACE-LORRAINE IN 1890.

We have heard a good deal about the efficacy of "twenty years of firm and resolute government." It so happens that at the present moment Alsace and German Lorraine have completed the precise term of the course prescribed. It was, therefore, I think, no altogether unnatural curiosity which prompted me last summer to cross over into the "reichsland," in order to see for myself what the much-extolled panacea has done for conquered provinces.

The trip has more to recommend it besides the political lesson to be learnt. It is true, the German gendarmes make travelling rather a troublesome process. The whole country seems under police surveillance. It literally bristles with spiked helmets. There are policemen everywhere. You come upon them at every turn, armed as if for war, with a rifle on their shoulders, and a bullet in the barrel — fierce of aspect, and ready to bully you as only German gendarmes can bully. And they watch you with Argus eyes. "To have a bundle of notes about you, or a tourist's map," said the late M. Grad, "is at once to make you an object of suspicion and mistrust." On such evidence you are held, as Habakkuk was by Voltaire, to be "capable de tout" — from simple espionage up to high treason. To carry a "Murray," I found, with Alsace still included in "France," and places described by their French names, is ten times worse. You are supposed personally to have refused recognition to the treaty of Frankfurt. But even asking for information only — rather an excusable proceeding, one would think, in a tourist — is enough to stamp you a suspicious character. And the German gendarmes have no respect either for persons or for laws. Their emperor says that Englishmen may travel without passports. But the gendarme rules from his superior throne that a passport every traveller must have. The emperor has ordained nothing about passports being made out in German. The gendarme sulkily objects that he does not know English — why was not the passport written in his own language? Their emperor's ambassador gives you a

visa, for which you pay eleven-and-sixpence. The gendarme challenges that visa, and querulously cross-questions you: "Who is Schmettau?" to wit, the gentleman who has signed it. All this happened to me at Diedenhofen. One is afraid to think what the terrorism must be to natives, when to inoffensive strangers it is so severe.

There is something also to be objected on the score of hotels, the majority of which are not good, and as to the merit of which neither Murray, nor Joanne, nor Mündel serves as a trustworthy guide. But once you can manage to stomach these trifles, the country has plenty to make it attractive. The mountains are splendid. There are truly magnificent forests — forming, according to M. About, one-ninth in extent and one-sixth in value, of the entire forest-wealth of undivided France. There are interesting old churches, and abbeys, and other historical monuments, from Druidical times downward. There is the rich, smiling plain of the Rhine — from time immemorial "la cave à vin, le grénier à blé, le garde-manger des pays environnants." You can realize here what a Frenchman must feel at the thought of the loss of so rich a possession. Industrial life offers some peculiar, noteworthy features. And so does the highly perfected system of provident and co-operative institutions, which has been the making of the Alsatian working-man — receiving him, as M. Grad says, at his birth with a ready welcome, assisting him through every incident of his toilsome life, and never withdrawing its helpful hand, till the grave closes over him.

But with all these things I have at present nothing to do. My business is with the governors and the governed, brought together twenty years ago, not by a mutual desire for union, but by the strong hand of fate. It was an interesting political experiment which Germany — or Prussia — entered upon at that time, and one which Europe might well watch with curiosity. There seemed to be no insuperable obstacle in the way of reunion, at any rate assuming the employment of tact and patience. Germany did not go among

the Alsatians as Prussia had gone among her Polish subjects or among the people of north Slesvig—a people of strange form and strange language, and differing from the invaders in every point of habit and character. The Germans went among a race of Germans, avowedly Germans, and glorying in their German culture and descent. It is an utter mistake to suppose that because the Alsatians are French in sentiment, and because their townspeople now reply to leading questions as is desired, “Je suis Alsacien,” and country folk bid the regulation greeting, drilled into them, “Bon jour”—in the majority of cases the one little crumb of French which they are masters of—that therefore their German origin is to be called in question, or is distasteful to themselves. “I bin Dietsch” is what they say. Up to 1870, at any rate, they would have no “Welsh” innovations. Thoroughly German Goethe found them in 1770. “Purely German,” German in “manners, language, ideas, prejudices, and habits,” Arthur Young says that he found them in 1788. On a short visit which I paid to Strassburg in 1861, I could quite realize what those two earlier visitors must have seen there. For below the thin stratum of officialism, which was of course completely French, everything seemed to me German in the Alsatian city. German, tenaciously German, the French found their fellow-subjects as late as 1870. Had not they been subjected to a lavish outpouring of ridicule and contempt, on that very score, from the days when Voltaire, living among them, styled them “Iroquois” and “Hottentots,” down to the period of annexation, when they were spoken of in Paris commiseratingly as “ces pauvres gens qui ne parlent que l’Allemand?” As recently as 1870 the French government was remonstrated with and urged to “sacrifier une génération, et franciser, à tout prix, le plus vite possible.” Alsace has been French one hundred and eighty-nine years, Lorraine practically longer. And yet, I am told, the two areas, in which not only German but distinct German dialects are spoken, are materially the same that they were three hundred years ago. What was

Swabian then is Swabian now, what was Franconian then is Franconian still. Into the Swabian districts a Swabian from Baden may walk this very day, and feel thoroughly at home—understand every word spoken, and realize that he is among brethren; in the same way a Franconian from the Palatinate into the Franconian districts. Stoeber, the most representative spokesman in the world of letters whom the Alsatians have ever had, grew indignant when a doubt was cast upon the German descent of the Alsatians. In heart, no doubt, he affirmed, we are French, “but in mind, in culture, in descent, we are as thoroughly German.” Nor is this all. Even politically there was a German thread to take up, which had only been dropped. Politically, the Alsatians had been very staunch and devoted Germans, as long as the empire gave them protection. It was not their fault that they became French. They struggled hard enough against their fate. When Monclar threatened Strassburg, they urgently begged the emperor to send regular troops to support their little garrison of two hundred and fifty citizen soldiers and one officer. But the emperor confessed himself powerless. Even then, though their bishop, Prince Fuerstenberg, servilely welcomed the invading king, Louis XIV.—as bishops will sometimes do—with a blasphemous “Nunc Dimittis,” the king, in view of the German sympathies clearly manifested by the townspeople, declared himself “très mal satisfait de la ville.” Strassburg continued on his black books on account of this for some time; and Schlettstadt, to name but one other instance, offended its French masters terribly by its stubborn Germanism.

Here surely were materials ready to the workman’s hand, out of which to form, in course of time, a hearty reunion! Twenty years have gone by, not a very short space of time. One ought to be able to observe now, at any rate, the beginnings of results. Yet it is but too plain, from what one does see on the spot, that thus far very little has been accomplished. *Some* mutual approach, no doubt, has been made. People cannot live side by side for twenty

years, rub shoulders daily, buy and sell, take part in the same business and the same amusements, without learning to endure one another and to be civil, and in some sense mutually accommodating.

The Alsatians and Lorrains, more especially in their "pays admirable, mais placé malheureusement entre le marteau de la France et l'enclume de l'Allemagne," have had ample opportunities of learning to adapt themselves to new surroundings, if it be but, as one of their own mottoes puts it, to "endurer pour durer." Any person who has read M. About's rather highly colored "Alsace," and goes into the country expecting to witness such scenes as are there described, will find himself seriously disappointed. Tradesmen and waiters do not decline to serve German customers. They do not offensively look at those customers' feet, which M. About supposes to be preternaturally large. Alsatian ladies do not ingeniously arrange their draperies so as to exhibit demonstratively the forbidden tricolor. Alsatian lads do not pass along the street shouting the Marseillaise. Woe to them if they did! And as for the German soldiers — tabooed, as M. About will have it, like very lepers — why, go to any *foire* or *kilbe* you like — the Alsatian calendar teems with them — and you will be sure to see Alsatian beauty smiling upon German valor with a very pretty resignation indeed, and more than content to be whirled about on its sturdy arm. And this even in M. About's own dear Saverne, "pauvre petite ville très française." It would be very extraordinary womanhood indeed which for twenty years together could forego such innocent worship of Mars, merely because the only soldiers available happened to be Prussians. Prussians may be bad, all bad, like the Lerians of old, but yet a Prussian on the spot is for flirting purposes any day worth two Frenchmen at a distance. So the Alsatian nymphs for the time put their patriotism in their pocket, and flirt and dance as Goethe describes their dancing — "from nine in the morning till midnight or later," until, as he says of himself, "my whole 'I' seemed lost in the dance."

But all this, most evidently, means little.

Even in the Nile, it is said, people find it politic to be on terms with the alligator. The Alsatians are friendly and civil with those with whom they are daily brought together; but their civility is, even at the present day, still only skin-deep. Many a wistful glance is cast across the border. French papers are read, French politics talked. The French franc and sou continue to hold their own in local reckoning against the German mark and pfennig — to the serious inconvenience of travellers — for French values have to be paid in German coin. Walk into a shop, and in nine cases out of ten you might fancy yourself in France. Place yourself in a position to be taken for a spy — as I unwittingly did, jotting down notes in a secluded spot, selected for its shade — and you will find yourself guarded and warned by volunteer scouts — "Il y a des postes ici, il y a des postes Allemands." This was said with a stealthiness and sly significance which plainly spoke of practice as well as sympathy. Look at the population after any little international "incident," such as a frontier squabble, and you will at once discover on which side are their sympathies. I saw them excited over the unexpected encounter of two companies of rifles, one French, the other German, on the frontier, upon the mountains. "Εσσεται ήμαρ was quite evidently in their minds — irritated by the performance, with truly Prussian tact, of the "Watch on the Rhine" and "Ich bin ein Preusse," by the regimental bands in their streets. And then there is the *fête nationale*. I happened to be near the frontier on July 14th. In fact, I crossed over, like a good many others, but not for the same purpose, and partook of the hospitality of a miserable *cafétier* who, right on the border, had made broad his tricolor. Fellow-travellers that day told me with glee that they, although annexed Germans, had crossed likewise, and if it were only to pull out their flasks, and take a hearty draught of "kirsch" on French soil to the welfare of the republic — *something* at any rate they must do to betoken their attachment. Evidently the Alsatians trust in France still, notwithstanding her defeats on their own battlefields. And evi-

dently under a yoke which wrings their withers, they have not given up hoping for relief from the West. Their part of the world has seen so many changes, the wheel has gone round so often, that it seems not unreasonable to expect that it may go round once more. "We do not suffer ourselves to be deceived," one very civil-spoken official told me. "In tongue our neighbors are German, in heart we know them to be thoroughly French."

The question naturally suggesting itself is: What has kept them so? That after twenty years of government—conscientious, painstaking government, evidently intended to be good—Germans ruling over Germans should have no better results to show, must be surprising indeed to an impartial observer. The Germans do not pretend to hold Alsace by so highly responsible a tenure as that by which not long ago Mr. Gladstone explained us to be holding India—namely, the understanding that our rule should be for the benefit of the governed. Emperor William took Alsace because he wanted the strong frontier. Of course he was quite within his right in doing so. He was entitled to safeguard his dominions against fresh attacks—such as those for which Alsace, itself wrongfully captured, had been only too often used as a convenient sallyport. Even so, he has not recovered nearly all the territory which France had at various times, generally without a good pretext, taken from his country. Frankfurt has not nearly made up for "Nimm weg," "Reiss weg," and the other German capitulations. The emperor's conquest was purely military and primarily selfish. But the Germans went into Alsace avowedly as kinsmen coming among kinsmen. They scolded the Alsations for flying in the face of nature, and being so French. They prevented all that they could from leaving the country, by objecting to "options." They made promises of good government. By all this they incurred obligations of some sort, to govern their new subjects, not only with justice, but with something like kindness. They have unquestionably endeavored to benefit the province in some way. They have striven zealously to develop its material resources—for which, after the losses brought on by the war, there was, unfortunately, but too much room. But the general result shows—as its details show—that they have failed to grasp the true nature of the task laid upon them, and to understand the spirit

by which, when once estranged, provinces can be reclaimed for Germany.

There is the less excuse for this, since the French before them had fallen into no such error, but had in many respects set them a capital example. It is the fashion in Germany to disparage everything that is done by France, more especially in Alsace. But in Alsace the French have evidently succeeded vastly better than the Germans—hitherto. Their conduct is matter of history. They found the local population decidedly unfriendly and unwilling to be made French. But they did not on that account withdraw from them political rights, and treat them as a subjugated people. It is true, they persecuted the Protestants most inexcusably. And hence the rather large emigration of the time, which would have been larger still had it been allowed free course. But even on this matter Louis XIV., autocrat that he was, permitted himself to be remonstrated with—not without effect—by the town councils—who would find it difficult at the present day to act as champions of their nation against the German authorities. But that was practically the only mistake the French made. The one thing which was needful, to turn these reluctant Germans into willing Frenchmen, even the ministers of Bourbon kings readily understood. "In one important respect," says Professor Freeman, "France has much less to answer for than other conquering States. A province conquered by France has always been really incorporated into France; no French conquests have ever been kept in the condition of subject dependencies; their inhabitants have at once been admitted to the rights and wrongs, the good and evil fortunes of Frenchmen, and they have had every career offered by the French monarchy at once opened to them. Here is the secret of French success. Against the enlightened measures of Colbert, which laid the foundation of Alsatian industrial prosperity, against the wise concessions made for the rehabilitation of destroyed agriculture, against the beneficial reforms in the administration of law and government, the Germans may have to set their own useful measures of to-day, though these do not as yet in their effects go nearly the same length. Against the free admission of the subject Alsations to citizen rights, to equality with those who were made their fellow-subjects, to trust and a hearty welcome, against the one great measure which knitted their hearts to those of France, they have nothing, absolutely nothing, to

show. I am not drawing a picture from imagination. You may read a long catalogue of the good effects of French rule in the history of the German Alsatian, Strobel. Lorenz and Scherer, likewise Germans, say: "Where was there another government which heaped similar benefits upon a nation? It was as if a new world had opened to the Alsations' view." Of course, governing on such principles, the French were not driven to rely exclusively upon their own alien officers. They found those most useful of allies, natives, to help them in their work. Where is an Ulrich Obrecht now, or a Klinglin? Where is an Alsatian "praetor" of Strassburg? The benefits conferred by the monarchy were followed up by the Revolution, which was felt to be "glorious" nowhere so much as in Alsace. With what absorbing spirit and enthusiasm the Alsations threw themselves into that movement—that we may judge from the eloquent writings of Erckmann-Chatrian. The Place des Vosges in Paris, so christened in 1800 in honor of the Alsations, on the ground that they had made sacrifices beyond any other province for the cause of French independence and freedom, still remains a memorial to their devotion of that day. The Revolution has proved the great connecting link, joining Alsace firmly to France. The Napoleonic era, with its brilliant train of victories, succeeded; and, as a matter of course, the race of born soldiers, among whom "every village produced its general," were carried away by the martial fever. This formed one more link, though nothing like the one established by the Revolution. But the decisive step was taken before, when France opened her arms freely to Alsace, put aside questions of distrust, renounced her right of conquest, and frankly invited the Alsations to become French. It was the best course which they could have adopted. Alsace—German, resisting, obstinate, as at first she was—became French as she was bidden. And she learned to find that under French rule she was accorded liberties which under the two-headed eagle she could never have dreamt of, and which made her proudly—German writers admit that—look down upon her neighbors further eastward, who enjoyed no such privileges. To relinquish such a position as this, to go down into a state of bondage like the present—let us hope that it is only temporary—is like plunging from Italian sunshine into a November fog. It is no wonder that it chilled Alsatian hearts.

But let us see how the Germans in their turn dealt with their conquered provinces—not in the hour of conquest, but during the first twenty years of their rule. They came into Alsace as into a transatlantic colony, not only with their own army—that was but natural—but with their own foreign principles of government, their own staff of administrators, judges, everything. They took possession completely, as an occupying alien force. It seemed as if the foreign hook was to be thrust firmly into the Alsatian nose, and that Alsace—impoverished as it was at the time—was to be exploited for the benefit of those lawyers and civil servants, those landraths and police officers, for whom no berths could be found at home. Germans like the "reichsland" as a garrison, and there were plenty of applications for appointments. My rather minute inquiries brought me into contact with a considerable number of the administrative staff. Most courteous and obliging I found those gentlemen, without exception; more—able, and sincerely bent upon serving the country well within their respective provinces. But never a single Alsatian have I come across in any of the higher berths. The German emperor has recently been made to hold out a prospect of some Alsations being employed. Well, that is something. But the concession comes a trifle late, and it goes a very short way. It serves the purpose of showing to what extent foreign administration has up to the end of twenty years been pushed. The Alsations are allowed, so to speak, no interest in their own country. They are permitted to eat, drink, trade, and pay taxes, for the benefit of a foreign governing staff forced upon them. But that is practically all. It is true that they have some sort of popular representation. And see how they use it! The statistical returns published by authority show that at elections for the imperial Parliament, where the handful of Alsatian deputies have no power save to protest, the province returns what we should call Nationalists by overwhelming majorities. At elections for inferior bodies, whose political power is *nil*, there are large and growing abstentions. Apart from that, Alsations are laid under all sorts of disqualifications, and prohibitions, and bans. They may—indeed, they must—serve in the German army, but not with any sense of satisfaction. Anything calculated to create an *esprit de corps* or to fire them with an enthusiasm not strange to them—anything that could make them feel the glory of

military life, so dear to Alsations — is absolutely tabooed. The conscripts are drafted away into German regiments, placed as units practically under supervision of their comrades, admitted to nothing but the drudgery of service, and permitted no distinction save that of supplementing the — to them — insufficient rations by regular supplies from home. Alsations must not allow their children to learn French, nor send their sons to school out of the country, where they might learn it. They are placed under restrictions in their movements, under stringent provisions as to passports. These provisions work with excessive harshness and are, as a matter of course, resented very keenly. That is really but one item in a perfect apparatus of distrustful supervision which, to a stranger, is perfectly appalling. One appears, on entering the country, to be moving into an atmosphere of palpable suspicion — “une véritable épidémie de soupçon,” Grad calls it. And Grad, though a French sympathizer, is allowed to have been a fair-minded man. There is distrust everywhere. It seems scarcely credible that, on being referred by a departmental chief, for information on a particular cottage-industry, to a large manufacturer, I was at the same time carefully cautioned: “But you must not be seen going into that man’s house. For he is known as a French sympathizer, and to be seen with him would get you into trouble.” Even a safe conduct from this all-but-minister-of-state would not protect me! On such principles is Alsace governed. The result is what might have been expected.

But I ought to say just one word about the hardships just alluded to. They are acutely felt — even in thoroughly German quarters, where the authorities would scarcely look for a sense of grievance. I know, because people have told me themselves, and not in one case only.

The prohibition of the use of the French language at school seems as ridiculous in policy as it is harsh in application. French is *necessary* in Alsace. The Germans admit that, by sending by preference officials into the province who are masters of French. The Alsations are aware that in Germany proper there is no such limitation on instruction. “We are actually worse off than they are in Germany, in respect of what is to us half a native tongue.” The prohibition altogether defeats its object — because it positively drives people, whom their inclination would otherwise prompt to speak German,

into the use of French at home, for the benefit of their children. And it makes people — even of small means — send their daughters to school in France — their sons they must not send, or they would — at an expense which they resent as a tax. So, instead of Germanizing the population, the provision actually Frenchifies them. The French government — which would have had some excuse for such a measure — proceeded on very different lines. It never prohibited German. It was told by the priests that it must not. M. About makes out that that was because the priest did not wish their congregations to read Voltaire. That is nonsense. Voltaire was probably never in their thoughts. In Roman Catholic countries the Roman clergy may be accepted as very safe guides to the popular mind. They cannot ensconce themselves behind their freehold livings and snap their fingers at the populace. They must keep in touch and sympathy with it. In Alsace they knew that to advise differently, to allow themselves to be made to preach and teach in French, would lose them all the hold which they had on their flocks. Hence their advice, which was against French, under a French government. Now, under a German, they are in favor of French — on the same principle — which shows how the wind has shifted.

To the conscription for the German army the Alsations have not even yet become reconciled. No wonder. While they must look for that sympathy from neighbors which is a necessary to human beings, but which they do not meet with among Germans, to France, that is no more than natural, even were not service bereft of all its satisfaction. Some non-bellucose Alsations charge the German government in the matter — on what seem fair grounds — with a gross blunder. “Of course,” they say, “if our boys *must* serve, we would sooner have them serve in France. But much rather still would we have them not serve at all. Had Germany in 1871 exempted all Alsations born French from service, she would have had half the population on her side.” It is just possible she might have done better still. For had she made exemption from conscription in Alsace dependent upon a fixed limit in French armaments, continental tax-payers might have been spared some of their money, and Europe one or two war scares. And Alsace would have been content. France dared not have given Germany a pretext for recruiting in the provinces in which the French de-

sired to retain, not to estrange, sympathies. They are very good hands at keeping political accounts, these Alsations. You can find no one now among them to say a good word for Napoleon III. — "who has betrayed us." Even the empress does not escape reproach. "The empress," said a thoroughly patriotic Alsacienne to me, "must be a downright bad woman." I protested against this sweeping indictment. "No, we know very well, it was she who caused the war, which brought us into servitude."

But of all the measures calculated to keep alive sore feelings without accomplishing any useful effect, the provision relating to passports, coupled with the barring of the frontiers against "optants" is about the most effective. Its hardship is felt in almost every hamlet. And it seems such a senseless measure, so deliberately cruel! I know it is relaxed one little jot from time to time — on paper. But kreisdirectors and gendarmes are allowed a considerable latitude in the application. "Optants" forbidden to visit their properties (which are much depreciated in consequence), sons prohibited from seeing their dying mothers, helpless old men, with nobody left above ground to care for, turned back when they ask leave to visit their wives' and children's graves — even a poor old negress has been sent some thousands of miles home to her colony when coming to visit a family with whom she had been as nurse — the cases are plentiful, and they are just of the nature which appeals most to human sympathy. "Is old So-and-so likely to do mischief? and poor So-and-so?" Unfortunately, German bureaucrats reck not of reasons. The letter is the god they swear by. The letter says: "Thou shalt not" — with the objects of the prohibition they have nothing to do. That is just where the French rule, with all its defects, sat so much lighter upon the country. It was tempered by human feeling.

It seems as if the German government was bent upon wholly breaking the will of the Alsations, as a trainer breaks the will of a dog. It is not enough that they accept the new state of things. Many of them would do that now, and might easily be led up to a kinder feeling. It is as if they were to be made to feel the full weight of the German power of worrying, in order to be thoroughly cowed. It is not enough that, like Chlodwig, they bow their neck, and agree to worship what they have burnt. They are not to be trusted till they have utterly burnt what they have

hitherto worshipped — their past history, their affections, their very selves. If that is not what their rulers aim at — it is what they have made the Alsations believe that they intend. After twenty years, surely some relaxation might have been made, some advance should have been practicable, some beginning of a show of trust there ought to be.

I must just say a few words about the material losses which the conquered province has suffered, and, in justice, about the efforts which the German government is honestly making to provide some reparation.

Of course, annexation dealt a very severe blow to that wonderfully developed industrial prosperity which made Alsace so rich. For its wares were designed for the French market; they excelled in quality, for which Germans do not pay as dearly as French people do. Twenty years have not nearly sufficed to repair this loss. The German authorities say it is because Alsatian industry will not act upon their advice, and adapt itself to the German market. That may be. The loss is beyond dispute. The trade of Metz I found ruined, and Metz was a thriving town once. "The old Messins," said a commercial traveller from German Rhineland to me — under the shadow of that cathedral which Quicherat places in the same category with St. Ouen — "hate us. And they are right. I say it as a German. We have all but ruined them." Among the minor industries more or less damaged, the manufacture of woollen socks, to be worn in sabots, may serve as an example. That industry used to employ about twelve thousand hands. It is now all but extinct. Another interest very hardly hit is that of innkeepers and the liquor trade generally. The hotels have suffered severely. It takes no particularly large hotel to be still £600, £800, or £1,000 a year short in its takings. I have heard the same complaint in the Black Forest. The French came and spent money. The Germans do things "on the cheap." The liquor interest has been hurt chiefly by new taxation. M. About makes out that Germany is paying the Alsations a bribe by taxing them lightly. Never was partisan assertion less founded. "They have taken off no old tax; but they have added more than one new one." The liquor tax payable formerly out of profits, is now collected in advance. There is a new license tax, a new tax on the removal of liquor from one place to another, and a door and window tax. And

private distilling for home consumption, formerly free, is made taxable. That is an unpopular measure, because the Alsatians dearly love their *marc de raisins*. To the cultivator, the abolition of the tobacco monopoly is a serious blow. That monopoly, whatever its economic defects, was a veritable god-send to the peasants. They got a good price for their produce; they knew beforehand by the government tariff what they would get, and they got it just at the time when they most wanted it. The government officers held a regular tobacco audit in the autumn, when they took over the leaves and paid the money down. Of course the bargain was duly wetted at a convivial gathering. In consequence of the abolition, the land under tobacco in Alsace-Lorraine has shrunk by more than half, and is still dwindling. To the landed proprietors annexation has proved a ruinous business. Property continues depreciated. At Gérardmer, I sat at dinner next to a lady whose uncle had, in 1854 or thereabouts—at his marriage—bought for a round million of francs an estate in Lorraine which the German emperor the other day, I am told, secured for a hundred thousand. While I was at Colmar, a gentleman there bought for his sister an entire convent (secularized)—large buildings, vineyards, and extensive grounds—very accessible, and capable, he told me, of maintaining from its produce a family of fair social position—for not more than eleven thousand francs, that is, a little more than £400.

So much for the losses. The catalogue is, of course, far from complete. As regards new measures for the development of local resources, I must do the Germans the justice to say that they are most active and judicious, even under discouragement. They would gladly do more. But Alsatian industry, they say, *will* not be helped. So they have had to content themselves, in respect of industry, with constructing water reservoirs, on a large scale and a great cost, to the undoubted benefit of the country. But they have spent something like twenty-five millions sterling on railways, besides most unfairly diverting traffic to Alsace from Baden. They have made capital roads, sadly needed, all over the country. They are spending £450,000 on widening and deepening canals. They have opened their purses freely to popular education. Among other things, they cause girls to receive instruction in *domestic work*. They have greatly improved the administration of the forests, neglected under the

empire, and bid fair to make that property worth half as much again in a comparatively short time. They have made £4,000,000 available—a most acceptable boon—for loans to small tradesmen, peasants, and the like, who were previously at the mercy of the village Jews, a thoroughly objectionable class in Alsace. They are doing much for agriculture and viticulture. By a new law they have enabled small proprietors to combine for purposes of subsoil drainage and improvements, both of which were sadly needed, but were quite impossible under French rule.

I might tell of more. No charge can be preferred against the government on the score of remissness in respect of material improvements. But what are they—the tithing of mint, anise, and cummin—in comparison with the weightier matters of government? Constructing water reservoirs is one thing, according to civil rights and winning hearts is quite another. In this matter the government has sadly failed, and the consequence is, that we see what we do see—a law distrusted, bearing on the whole of its face the stamp of conquest, of subjugation, of practically martial law, and, therefore, discontent and disaffection. If

It is impossible for us to frown
On those who smile upon us,

as impossible is it to smile on those who never relax their features from a scowling frown.

The fatal mistake was made when it was decided that Alsace-Lorraine should be governed directly from Berlin. That meant placing it under Prussia. And with all their rather overpowering efficiency the Prussians are the last nation in the world to accommodate themselves to other people's ways. To the ways of the Alsatians they can accommodate themselves as little as a dog can to the ways of a cat. With the military uniform into which their government puts them, they don a military spirit, which is exceedingly effective in maintaining discipline, but not by any means a quality to propitiate people with. Their own king, the late Emperor William, volunteered the statement published in his correspondence with General Natzmer: Our officers have a curious knack of making themselves disliked. Certainly with the Alsatians they have succeeded in this admirably.

Under the old empire what would have been done with Alsace-Lorraine is this. It would have been assigned a regular,

constitutional, and recognized place in the empire, as a State, or part of a State, having its own prince on the spot, who would have governed it by means of its own men and in its own way—always subject to the supremacy of the empire. It makes a great difference whether a country has its own prince, whose interest is identified with that of the people, who is a permanent, accessible chief—or a deputy, sent with limited powers from somewhere else. Personal feeling is bound to claim a place in a prince's relations with his subjects. The mere glitter of his court and presence of his person does something. We know how devoted were the Lorrains to their dukes, and what a happy effect the reign of their mere warming-pan sovereign, King Stanislas, had in bridging over the gulf of political transition. Had Prince Bismarck even only sent a warming-pan Stanislas to Strassburg, such as Louis Quinze had the wisdom to send to Nancy! The most natural proceeding of course would have been for Alsace to be incorporated with the country of *nos bons voisins* of Baden. The two peoples are one bone and one flesh; their language, their manners, their ideas are identical. And the grand duke is almost as popular in Alsace as he is in Baden. But to this natural solution Berlin raised objections. Alsace-Lorraine had been won by the *whole* empire. The *whole* empire accordingly must share in the prize. The same scruples were allowed no place a few months ago, when Heligoland was acquired likewise by *all* Germany, and in exchange for claims in Africa which, whether good or bad, were the claims of *all* Germany. Nothing was said then about "reichsland." Heligoland was tacked on to Schleswig-Holstein, which Schleswig-Holstein is part of Prussia. Under the influence of Prussia's objection, Alsace was in 1871 not handed over to Baden, but was, with a striking departure from the spirit of the old empire, employed for the creation of an entirely new species of political body, a non-descript thing, termed "reichsland." But the spirit of the old empire has in reality very little to do with the new. For on the shoulders of the ruler of the latter has evidently not fallen the mantle of the Charleses and the Henrys, but of acquisitive and aggrandizing France. It is curious to follow the parallel between the growth of little Carolingia and of little Brandenburg. It may all be for the best; I merely note the fact. By force, by

craft, by suzerainty claimed over vassals, which vassals were afterwards cleared out of the way, both have by degrees built up a solid, powerful—and not a federated empire. And both of course are, or were, military, conquering powers. Normandy, Brittany, Provence, and so on—in Germany—have all been captured. Aquitaine has not yet been incorporated, but it is not beyond the reach of imagination to picture the Bretigny of Nicolsburg followed in due course by a "capitulation of Bordeaux." The German States still have their vassal princes. But that arrangement need not be designed forever. Already people are asking "cui bono?" If the larger half of Saxony, annexed in 1815, can be satisfactorily governed by a Prussian "president," why should the smaller half, half annexed in 1866, permanently require a king? If Hanover and the Hessian electorate can be governed from Berlin, why not the other Hesse and the Thuringian duchies? It would be much cheaper to do without these princes. And it would materially consolidate the union. "We are united," argued a leading German paper some years ago, "but we are not *perfectly* united. Were we perfectly united, we should be like the English, one people with one crown." There has been mediatizing of German princes ere now, why should there not be mediatizing again?

What is felt is, that in Alsace-Lorraine a political experiment is being made, not at all to the liking or profit of Alsatians and Lotharingians, but of very important bearing on the future destinies of Germany. The object seems to be, to demonstrate that a country may be governed, and effectually governed, without the intervention of a local sovereign. What is possible in Alsace ought to be possible also in Baden, and Wuerttemberg, and Saxony, though time may have to be left for its application.

If this suggestion is correct, the Alsato-Lotharingians have doubly cause to complain of the hardships inflicted on them. They have been made needlessly to suffer, and the result is what might have been expected. Though twenty years have passed since their annexation, thanks to a rule which, with all its good intentions, all its excellent work in detail, has wholly failed to appeal to their affections, has given them absolutely nothing to be German for, they are at heart aliens still. And aliens in spirit they are likely to remain while that rule is persisted in. Thanks to this, we have Germany still in

arms — more so than before — and apprehensive of war. Count Moltke startled Europe, when he spoke of Germany having to defend her conquests during fifteen years. That was a sad reverse side to the boast, that what it had taken France seven generations to wrest from Germany, Germany had recovered in seven months. But fifteen years proves to have been a ridiculously low estimate. Twenty years have passed, and, instead of disarming, we see Germany arming more, and instead of relieving Alsace of its garrison, we see her adding to it. In spite of all these armaments, Alsace, disaffected, remains a source of danger. Of course it may be so trodden down as to yield a final submission. Some despondent Alsatians, despairing now a little of a better fate, put the time at which this may be expected to happen at fifty years hence — that is, when all the present generation will have passed away, and a new generation will have risen up, thoroughly cowed. At best that is not a cheering outlook. And something so much better was within reach! I do not believe that the Alsatians are so irreconcilably French as is made out. They know that they are Germans. And if allowed to be *full* Germans they would in course of time become so. Even now their complaint is less that they have been made Germans, than that they are deprived of citizen rights and treated as a subject caste. They are not insusceptible of kindness. General Manteuffel's rule was not perfection. But General Manteuffel had too big guns to allow himself to be categorically dictated to by ministers at Berlin. He came of all governors nearest to the position of a local prince. He showed some consideration. And the Alsatians talk of his rule with something of gratitude and almost affection. Had that spirit been persevered in and allowed to expand, Alsace would, there can be no doubt, present a different picture now from what it does.

To sum up, German rule has, with all its little successes, failed in Alsace, just to the extent that it has been "firm and resolute" — domineering and despotic, that is, disregarding the rights, the legitimate claims, the natural wishes of the people. It has bowed necks, it has not won hearts. It has failed to accomplish the main part of its task. Although first impressions count for a great deal, it is not too late to change from coercion to confidence. Let us hope that that will be tried. But certainly, those politicians who are in favor of the same kind of govern-

ment as what the Prussians have practised in Alsace-Lorraine can draw but very scanty encouragement from what may be regarded as its test application.

HENRY W. WOLFF.

From The Sunday Magazine.
THE FLIGHT OF THE SHADOW.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. DAY BEGINS THE STORY.

I AM old, else, I think, I should not have the courage to tell the story I am going to tell. All those concerned in it about whose feelings I am careful, are gone where, thank God, there are no secrets. If they know what I am doing, I know they do not mind. If they were alive to read as I record, they might perhaps now and again look a little paler and wish the leaf turned, but to see the things set down would not make them unhappy; they do not love secrecy. Half the misery in the world comes from trying to look, instead of trying to be, what one is not. I would that not God only but all good men and women might see me through and through. They would not be pleased with everything they saw, but then neither am I, and I would have no coals of fire in my soul's pockets. But my whole nature would shudder at the thought of letting one person that loved a secret see into it. Such a one never sees things as they are — would not indeed see what was there, but something shaped and colored after his own likeness. No one who loves and chooses a secret, can be of the pure in heart that shall see God.

Yet how shall I tell even who I am? Which of us is other than a secret to all but God! Which of us can tell, with poorest approximation, what he or she is! Not to touch the mystery of life — that one who is not myself has made me able to say *I*, how little can any of us tell about even those ancestors whose names we know, while yet the nature, and still more the character, of hundreds of them, have shared in determining what *I* means to him every time one of us says it. For myself, I remember neither father nor mother, nor one of their fathers or mothers, how little then can I say as to what I am. But I will tell as much as most of

my readers, if ever I have any, will care to know.

I come of a long yeoman-line of the name of Whichcote. In Scotland the Whichcotes would have been called *lairds*; in England they were not called *squires*. Repeatedly had younger sons of it risen to rank and honor, and in several generations would his property have entitled the head of the family to rank as a squire, but at the time when I began to be aware of existence, the family possession had dwindled to one large farm, on which I found myself. Naturally, while some of the family had risen, others had sunk in the social scale; of the latter was Miss Martha Moon, far more to my life than can appear in my story. I should imagine there are few families in England covering a larger range of social difference than ours. But I begin to think the chief difficulty in writing a book must be to keep out what does not belong to it.

I may mention, however, my conviction, that I owe many special delights to the gradual development of my race in certain special relations to the natural ways of the world. That I was myself brought up in such relations, appears not quite enough to account for the intensity of my pleasure in things belonging to simplest life—in everything of the open air, in animals of all kinds, in the economy of field and meadow and moor. I can no more understand my delight in the sweet breath of a cow, than I can explain the process by which, that day in the garden—but I must not forestall, and will say rather—than I can account for the tears which, now I am an old woman, fill my eyes just as they used when I was a child, at sight of the year's first primrose. A harebell, much as I have always loved harebells, never moved me that way. Some will say the cause, whatever it be, lies in my nature, not in my ancestry; that, anyhow, it must have come first to some one—and why not to me? I answer, Everything lies in every one of us, but has to be brought to the surface. It grows a little in one, more in that one's child, more in that child's child, and so on and on—with curious breaks as of a river which every now and then takes to an underground course. One thing I am sure of—that, however it came, I did not make it; I can only be glad and thankful that in me it came to the surface, to tell me how beautiful must be he who thought of it, and made it in me. Surely one is nearer, if not to God himself, yet to the things God loves, in the country than amid ugly

houses—things that could not have been invented by God, though he made the man that made them. It is not the fashionable only that love the town and not the country; the men and women who live in dirt and squalor—their counterparts in this and worse things far more than they think—are afraid of loneliness, and hate God's lovely dark.

CHAPTER II.

MISS MARTHA MOON.

LET me look back and see what first things I first remember.

All about my uncle first; but I keep him to the last. Next all about Rover, the dog—though for roving I hardly remember him away from my side! Alas, he did not live to come into the story, but I must mention him here, for I shall not write another book, and in the briefest summary of my childhood, to make no allusion to him would be disloyalty. I almost believe that at one period, had I been set to say who I was, I should have included Rover as an essential part of myself. His tail was my tail; his legs were my legs; his tongue was my tongue—so much more did I, as we gambolled together, seem conscious of his joy than of my own. Surely, among other and greater mercies, I shall find him again!

The next person I see busy about the place, now here now there in the house, and seldom outside it, is Miss Martha Moon. The house is large, built at a time when the family was one of consequence, and there was always much to be done in it. The largest room in it is now called the kitchen, but was doubtless called the hall when first it was built. This was Miss Martha Moon's headquarters.

She was my uncle's second cousin, and as he always called her Martha, so did I, without rebuke; every one else about the place called her Miss Martha.

Of far greater worth and far more genuine refinement than tens of thousands the world calls ladies, she never dreamed of claiming such a distinction. Indeed she strongly objected to it. If you had said or implied she was a lady, she would have shrunk as from a covert reflection on the quality of her work. Had she known certain of such as nowadays call themselves lady-helps, I could have understood her objection. I think, however, it came from a stern adherence to the factness—if I may coin the word—of things. She never called a lie a fib.

When she was angry, she always held her tongue; she feared being unfair. She had indeed a rare power of silence. To this day I do not *know*, yet I am sure that, by an instinct of understanding, she saw into my uncle's trouble, and desisted, more or less plainly, the secret of it, while yet she never even alluded to the existence of such a trouble. She had a regard for woman's dignity as profound as silent. She was not of those that prate or rave about their rights, forget their duties, and care only for what they count their victories.

She declared herself dead against marriage. One day, while yet hardly more than a child, I said to her thoughtfully, — "I wonder why you hate gentlemen, Martha."

"Hate 'em! What on earth makes you say such a wicked thing, Orbie?" she answered. "Hate 'em, the poor dears! I love 'em! What did you ever see to make you think I hated your uncle now?"

"Oh! of course! uncle!" I returned; for my uncle was all the world to me. "Nobody could hate uncle!"

"She'd be a bad woman, anyhow, that did!" rejoined Martha. "Did anybody ever hate the person that couldn't do without her, Orbie?"

My name — suggested by my uncle because my mother died at my birth — was a curious one; I believe he made it himself. *Belorba* it was, and it means *Fair Orphan*.

"I don't know, Martha," I replied.

"Well, you watch and see!" she returned. "Do you think I would stay here working from morning to night if I hadn't some reason for it? Oh, I like to work," she went on; "I don't deny that. I should be miserable if I didn't work. But I'm not bound to this sort of work. I have money of my own, and am no beggar for house-room. But rather than leave your uncle, poor man, I would do the work of a ploughman."

"Then why don't you marry him, Martha?" I said with innocent impertinence. "Marry him! I wouldn't marry him for ten thousand pounds, child!"

"Why not, if you love him so much? I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

"Marry him!" repeated Miss Martha, and stood looking at me as if here at last was a creature she could *not* understand; "marry the poor dear man, and make him miserable! I could love any man better than that! Just you open your eyes, my dear, and see what goes on about you. Do you see so many men made happy by

their wives! I don't say it's all the wives' fault, poor things! But the fact's the same. There's the poor husbands all the time trying hard to bear it. What with the babies, and the headaches, and the rest of it, that's what it comes to — the husbands are not happy. No, no! A woman can do better for a man than marry him."

"But mayn't it be the husband's fault — sometimes, Martha?"

"It may; but what better is it for that? What better is the wife for knowing it, or how much happier the husband for not knowing it? As soon as you come to weighing who's in fault, and counting how much, it's all up with the marriage. There's no more comfort in life for either of them. Women are sent into the world to make men happy. I was sent to your uncle, and I'm trying to do it. It's nothing to me what other women think; I'm here to serve your uncle. What comes of me, I don't care, so long as I do my work, and don't keep him waiting that made me for it. You may think it a small thing to make a man happy. I don't. God thought him worth making, and he wouldn't be if he was miserable. I've seen one woman make ten men unhappy. I know my calling, Orbie. Nothing would make me marry one of them, poor things!"

"But if they all said as you do, Martha?"

"No doubt the world would come to an end, but it would go out singing, not crying. I don't see that would matter. There would be enough to make each other happy in heaven, and the Lord could make more as they were wanted."

"Uncle says it takes God a long time to make a man!" I ventured to remark.

Miss Martha was silent for a moment. She did not see how my remark bore on the matter in hand, but she had such a respect for anything my uncle said, that when she did not grasp it she held her peace.

"Anyhow, there's no fear of it for the present!" she said. "You heard the scree of banns last Sunday."

I thought you would have a better idea of Miss Martha Moon from hearing her talk herself, than from any talk about her. To hear one talk is better than to see one. But I would not have you think she often spoke at such length. She was in truth a woman of few words, never troubled with the least verbal catarrh. Especially silent she was when any one she loved was in trouble. She would stand there for mo-

ments with a look that was the incarnation of essential motherhood — as if her eyes were swallowing up the sorrow; as if her soul was ready to be the sacrifice for the sin. Then she would turn away with a droop of the eyes that seemed to say she saw what it was, but saw also how little she could do for it. Oh, the depth of the love-trouble in those eyes of hers!

Martha never set herself to teach me anything, but I could not know Martha without knowing something of the genuine human heart. I learned from her by an unconscious assimilation. Possibly a spiritual action analogous to exomose and endomose takes place between certain souls.

CHAPTER III.

MY UNCLE.

NOW I must tell you what my uncle was like.

The first thing that would have struck you about him was, how tall and thin he was. The next thing would have been, how he stooped; and then, how sad he looked. It scarcely seemed that Martha Moon had been able to do much for him. Yet doubtless she had done, and was doing more than either he or she knew. He had rather a small head on the top of his long body; and when he stood straight up, which was not very often, it seemed so far away, that some one said he took him for Zacchæus looking down from the sycamore. I never thought of analyzing his appearance, never thought of comparing him with any one else. To me he was the best and most beautiful of men — the first man in all the world. Nor did I change my mind about him ever — I only came to want another to think of him as I did.

His features were in fine proportion, though perhaps too delicate. Perhaps they were a little too small to be properly beautiful. When first I saw a likeness of the poet Shelley, I called out, "My uncle!" and immediately began to see differences. He wore a small but long moustache, brushed away from his mouth; and over it his eyes looked large. They were of a clear grey, and very gentle. I know from the testimony of others, that I was right in imagining him a learned man. That small head of his contained more than many a larger head of greater note, which had power with the multitude because it offered coarser mental fare. He was constantly reading — that is when not thinking, or giving me the lessons

which make me now thank him for half my conscious soul.

Reading or writing or thinking, he would have me, as I pleased, in the room with him; but he seldom took me out walking. He was by no means regular in his habits — regarded neither time nor seasons — went and came like a bird. His hour for going out was unknown to himself, was seldom two days together the same. He would rise up suddenly, even in the middle of a lesson — he always called it "a lesson together" — and without a word walk from the room and the house. I had soon observed that in gloomy weather he went out often, in the sunshine seldom.

The house had a large garden, of a very old-fashioned sort, such a place for the charm of both glory and gloom as I have never seen elsewhere. I have had other eyes opened within me to deeper beauties than I saw in that garden then, but my remembrance of it is none the less of an enchanted ground. But my uncle never walked in it. When he walked, it was always out on the moor he went, and what time he would return no one ever knew. His meals were no concern of his — no concern to any one but Martha, who never uttered a word of impatience, and seldom a word of anxiety. At whatever hour of the day he went, it was almost always night when he came home, often late night. At other times he preferred his own room to anywhere else.

This room, not so large as the kitchen hall, but quite as long, seems to me, when I look back, my earliest surrounding. It was the centre from which my roving fancies issued as from their source, and the end of their journey to which as to their home they returned. It was a curious place. Were you to see first the inside of the house and then the outside, you would find yourself at a loss to conjecture where within it could be situated such a room. It was not, however, contained in what, to a cursory glance, passed for the habitable house, and a stranger would not easily have found the entrance to it.

Both its nature and situation were in keeping with certain peculiarities of my uncle's mental being. He was given to curious inquiries. He would set out to solve now one now another historical point as odd as uninteresting to any but a mind capable of starting such a question. To determine it, he would search book after book, as if it were a live thing in whose memory must remain darkly stored thousands of facts, requiring only to be recol-

lected; amongst them might nestle the thing he sought, and he would dig for it as in a mine among the hardened dust of ages. I fancy he read any old book whatever of English history with the haunting sense that at any moment he might come upon the mention of certain of his own ancestors, of whom he would gladly enlarge his knowledge. Whether he started any new thing in mathematics I cannot tell, but he would sit absorbed, every day and all day long for weeks over his slate, then suddenly throw it down, and walk out for the rest of the day. He read Shakespeare as with a microscope, propounding and answering the most curious little questions. It seemed to me sometimes, I confess, that he missed a plain point from his eyes being so sharp that they looked through it without seeing it, having focused themselves beyond it.

A specimen of this kind of question of his occurs to me as I write.

"Why," he said, "did Margaret, in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' try to persuade Hero to wear her other rabato? Because she was afraid her mistress would find out that she had been wearing it, as she did the night before, when she personated her."

Mentioning Shakespeare, I may put down one remark I heard him make in reference to a theory which must seem nothing less than idiotic to any one who knew Shakespeare as did my uncle. It was this—that whoever sought to enhance the fame of lord St. Alban's—he was careful to use the real title—by attributing to him the works of Shakespeare, must either be a man of weak intellect, of great ignorance, or of low moral perception; for it cast on the memory of a man already more to be pitied than any, a weight of obloquy no man could be capable of deserving; inasmuch as, with the gifts of the man who could write those plays and poems, with his insight into and his love of human nature, with his power of perceiving and uttering essential truth, it made him capable notwithstanding of the moral and social atrocities of which his lordship, carried away by no passion, but eager after money for scientific research, was guilty. One such as the theory necessitates its composite personage, would be a monster as grotesque as atrocious.

I mention this remark the rather that it shows my uncle could look at things in a large way as well as hunt with a knife-edge. At the same time, devoutly as I honor him, I cannot but count him intended for thinkings of larger scope than

such as then seemed characteristic of him. I imagine his early history had affected his faculties, and influenced the mode of their working. How indeed could it have been otherwise!

CHAPTER IV.

MY UNCLE'S ROOM.

AT right angles to the long, black and white house, stood a building behind it, of possibly earlier date, but uncertain intent. It had been used for many things before my uncle's time—once as part of a small brewery. My uncle was positive that, whether built for the purpose or not, it had been used as a chapel, and that the house was originally the outlying cell of some convent. The signs on which he founded this conclusion I was never able to appreciate; to me, as containing my uncle's study, the wonder-house of my childhood, it was far more interesting than any history could have made it. It was a building at this time of two low stories and a high roof. Entering it from the court behind the house, every portion of it would seem to an ordinary beholder quite accounted for; but it might have suggested itself to a more comprehending observer, that a considerable space must lie between the roof and the low ceiling of the first floor, which was taken up with the servants' rooms. Of the ground floor, part was used as a dairy, part as a wood-house, part as a store for certain vegetables, and part stored the turf dug for the use of the house from the neighboring moor.

Between this building and the house, was a smaller and lower erection, a mere outhouse. It was strongly built, however, and the roof, in perfect condition, seemed newer than the building itself. It had been raised and strengthened when used by my uncle to contain a passage leading from the house to the roof of the old chapel, in which he fashioned for himself the retreat which he justly called his study. Few must be the rooms more continuously thought and read in during one lifetime than this.

I have now to tell how it was reached. You could hardly have found the way to it yourself, even had you set yourself seriously to the task, without having in you a good share of the constructive faculty. It was my uncle's contrivance, but might well have been supposed to belong to the ancient times of the house, when a good hiding-place would have been regarded as a right laudable distinction. In vain

would almost any one have wandered through the house looking for the door of the study.

There was a large recess in the kitchen, a chimney-corner, built out from, not into the house. Of this recess the hearth filled the whole, raised a foot or so above the flagged floor. At some later time an oblong space had been cut out of the hearth to a level with the floor, and in it an iron grate constructed for the more convenient burning of coal. Hence the remnant of the raised hearth looked like wide hobs to the grate. The use of the recess as a chimney-corner was thereby spoiled, as it was now above the level of the fire, and the coal made a very different kind of smoke from the aromatic product of wood or peat — which latter, however, was not a little used in the house still.

To the right and left within the recess, were two common, unpainted doors, with latches. If you opened either, you found an ordinary shallow cupboard, that on the right filled with shelves and crockery, that on the left with brooms and other household implements.

But if, in the frame of the door to the left, you touched what looked like the head of a large nail, not its door but the whole cupboard, frame and all, moved inward on other hinges, and revealed an ascending stair; this was the approach to my uncle's room. At the head of the stair you went through the wall of the house to the passage under the roof of the outhouse, at the end of which a few more steps led up to the door of the study. By that door you entered the roof of the more ancient building. Lighted almost entirely from above, there was no indication outside of the existence of this floor except one tiny window, with vaguely pointed arch, almost in the very top of the gable. Here lay my nest; this was the bower of my bliss.

Its walls rose but about three feet from the floor ere the slope of the roof began, so that there was a considerable portion of it in which my tall uncle could not stand upright. There was width enough, notwithstanding, in which to walk up and down a length of at least five and thirty feet.

Not merely the low walls, but the slopes of the roof as well, were filled with books as high as the narrow ceiling. On the slopes the bookshelves were of course peculiar. My uncle had contrived, and partly himself made them, with the assistance of a carpenter he had known all his life. They were individually fixed to the

rafters, the one shelf projecting over that beneath it. To reach the highest, he had to stand on a few steps. To reach the lowest shelves, he had to stoop at a right angle. It was almost a tunnel of books.

By setting a chair on an ancient chest that stood against the gable, and a footstool on the chair, I could mount high enough to get into the deep embrasure of the little window, whence alone to gain a glimpse of the lower world. But from the floor I could see heaven through the openings of six skylights, deep framed in books. As far back as I can remember it was my care to see that their glass was always bright, so that sun and moon and stars might look in.

The books were mostly in old and dingy bindings; but there were also a few to attract the eyes of a child — especially some annuals, in red silk, or embossed leather, or most bewitching of all, in paper, protected by a tight case of the same, from which, with the help of a ribbon, you drew out the precious little green volume, with its gilt edges and hoarded wealth of engravings — one of which in particular I remember — a castle in the distance, a wood, a ghastly man at the head of a rearing horse, and a white, mist-like, fleeting ghost, the cause of the consternation. My reader will not be surprised that such books should have their share in the witchery of that chamber.

At the end of the room, near the gable window, but under one of the skylights, was a table of white deal, without cover, at which my uncle generally sat, sometimes writing, oftener leaning over a book. Occasionally, however, he would occupy a large, old-fashioned easy-chair, under the slope of the roof, in the same end of the room, sitting silent, neither writing nor reading, his eyes fixed straight before him, but plainly upon nothing. They looked as if sights were going out of them rather than coming in at them. When he sat thus, I would sit gazing at him. Oh, how I loved him — loved every line of his gentle, troubled countenance! I do not remember the time when I did not know that his face was troubled. It gave the last finishing tenderness to my love for him. It was from no meddlesome curiosity that I sat thus watching him, from no longing to learn what he was thinking about, what pictures were going and coming before the eyes of his mind, but from such a longing to comfort him as amounted to pain. I think it was the desire to be near him — I mean in spirit — that made me attend so closely to my

studies. He taught me everything, and I yearned to please him. But for this I could never have made the progress he praised. I took, indeed, a true delight in learning, but I would not so often have shut the book I was enjoying to the full to take up another, but for the sight or the thought of my uncle's countenance.

I think he never once sat down in the chair I have mentioned without sooner or later rising hurriedly, and going out on one of his lonely rambles.

When we were having our lessons together, as he phrased it, we sat at the table side by side, and he taught me as if we were two children finding out together what it all meant. Those lessons were a large contingent in the charm of the place; and when, as not unfrequently, my uncle would rise abruptly and leave me without a word, to go, I knew, away from the house, I was neither dismayed nor uneasy; I had got used to the thing before I could wonder what it meant. At once I would go back to the book I had been reading, or to any other that attracted me, for he never required the preparation of any lessons. It was of no use to climb to the window in the hope of catching sight of him below, for thence was nothing to be seen but high trees and a corner of the yard into which the cow-houses opened, and my uncle was never there. He neither understood nor cared about farming. His elder brother, my father, had been bred to carry on the yeoman line of the family, and my uncle was trained to the medical profession. My father dying rather suddenly, my uncle, who was abroad at the time, and had not begun to practise, returned to take his place, but had never paid practical attention to the farming any more than to his profession. He gave the land in charge to a bailiff, and at once settled down, as Martha told me, into what we now saw him. At first, she said, she thought it was grief at his brother's death, for they were strongly attached to each other, that had taken all the pith out of him, but his depression had lasted too long to be so accounted for. Farther than that, she would say nothing concerning it. She doubtless saw, as I seemed to myself to have seen from the first, that the soul of my uncle was harassed with an undying trouble, that some worm lay among the very roots of his life. One might be pardoned for doubting if any change could ever dispel such a sadness as I often saw in that chair. Sometimes for hours he would sit there, a book in his hand, open but unregarded, and never a thought in

his brain of the eyes of the small maiden fixed upon him, or of the world of sympathy behind them. I suspect that Martha Moon, in her silence, had pierced the heart of the mystery, though she *knew* nothing.

There was one practical lesson given me now and then by my uncle in varying form, which at length I involuntarily associated with the darkness that haunted him. In substance it was this: "Never, my little one, hide anything from those that love you. Never let anything that makes itself a nest in your heart, grow into a secret, for then at once it will begin to eat a hole in it." He would often say the kind of thing, and I seemed to know when it was coming. But I heard it as a matter of course, never realizing its truth, or suspecting a day when it might have to be more than just listened to because he whom I loved said it.

I see with my mind's eye the fine small head and large eyes over mine, high above me as we sit beside each other at the deal table. He looked down on me like a bird of prey, with his hair, grey, as Martha told me, before he was thirty, tufted out a little, like ruffled feathers, on each side; but the eyes were not those of the eagle; they were a dove's eyes.

"A secret, little one, is a mole that burrows," said my uncle.

The moment of insight was come. A voice seemed suddenly to say within me: "He has a secret of his own; it is biting his heart!" My affection, my devotion, my sacred concern for him, as suddenly swelled to twice their size. It was as if a God were in pain, and I could not help him. I had no desire to learn his secret; I only yearned heart and soul to comfort him. Before long, I had a secret myself for half a day, and ever after, I shared so in the trouble of his secret, that I seemed myself to possess or rather to be possessed by one, which was such a secret that I did not myself know it. But in truth I had a secret then; for the moment I knew that he had a secret, his secret, the outward fact of its existence, was my secret. And besides this secret, I had then a secret of my own. For I knew that my uncle had a secret, and he did not know that I knew. With that came the question—ought I to tell him? By the instinct of love I saw that to tell him would put him in a great difficulty. He might wish to tell me never to let any one else know, and how could he do that when he had been so constantly warning me to let nothing grow to a secret in my heart? As to tell-

ing Martha Moon, much as I loved her, much as I knew she loved my uncle, and sure as I was that anything concerning him was as sacred to her as to me, I dared not commit such a breach of confidence as even to think in her presence that my uncle had a secret. From that hour I had recurrent fits of a morbid terror at the very idea of a secret—as if a secret were in itself a treacherous, poisonous thing, that ate away the life of its host.

My half-day-secret came in this wise.

CHAPTER V.

MY FIRST SECRET.

I WAS one day with my uncle in his room as usual. Lessons were over, and I was reading a marvellous story in one of my favorite annuals; my uncle had so taught me from infancy the right handling of books, that he would have trusted me with the most valuable in his possession. I do not know how old I was. Man or woman is aged according to the development of the conscience. Looking up, I saw him stooping over an open drawer in a small cabinet whose place was behind the door at the other end of the room. I sat on the great chest under the gable window, and was away from him the whole length of the room. He had never told me not to look at him, had never seemed to object to the presence of my eyes on any action, and as a matter of course I sat observing him, partly because I had never seen any portion of that cabinet open before. The next moment he turned toward the skylight near him, and held up between him and it a small something of which I could just see that it was red, and shone in the light. Then he turned hurriedly, threw it in the drawer, and went straight out, leaving the drawer open. I knew I had lost his company for the day.

The moment he was gone, the phantasm of the pretty thing he had been looking at so intently, returned to my mind. Somehow I seemed to understand that I had no right to know what it was, seeing my uncle had not shown it me! I had no law to guide me. He had never said I was not to look at this or that in the room. If he had done so, I do not think I should have offended; but that does not make the fault less. For which is the more guilty—the man who knows there is a law against doing a certain thing and does it, or the man who feels an authority in the very depth of his nature forbidding the thing, and yet does it? Surely the latter is greatly the more guilty.

I rose, and went to the bureau. But when the contents of the drawer began to show themselves as I drew near, "I closed my lids, and kept them close," until I had seated myself on the floor, with my back to the bureau, and the drawer projecting over my head like the shelf of a bracket over its supporting figure. I could not then see into the receptacle, which I could touch with the top of my head by straightening my back. How long I sat there motionless, I cannot say, but it seems in retrospect at least a week—such a multitude of thinkings going through my mind as would have made a volume of casuistry. The logical discussion of a thing that has to be done—a thing awaiting action and not decision—the discussion, that is, whether the duty or the temptation has the more to say for itself, is one of the straight roads to the pit. There are multitudes who lose their lives pondering what they ought to believe, while something lies at their door waiting to be done, and rendering it impossible for him who makes it wait, ever to know what to believe. Only a pure heart can understand, and a pure heart is one that sends out ready hands. I knew perfectly well that what I ought to do was to shut that drawer with the back of my head, and then get up and go and do something to make me forget the shining stone I had seen betwixt my uncle's finger and thumb; yet there I sat debating whether I was not at liberty to do in my uncle's room what he had not told me not to do.

The result was what might be expected. I will not weary the reader with any further description of the evil path by which I arrived at the evil act. It is pain enough even now, to have to tell that I got on my feet, saw a blaze of shining things, banged to the drawer, and knew that, like Eve, I had eaten the apple. The eyes of my consciousness were opened to the knowledge of the evil in me, through the evil done by me. Evil seemed now a part of myself, so that nevermore should I get rid of it. It may be easy for one who regards it from afar, and between the leaves of a book, to exclaim, "Such a little thing!" but it was I who did it, and not another; it was I, and only I, who could know what I had done! That peep into my uncle's drawer lies in my soul the type of sin. Never have I done anything wrong with such a clear assurance that I was doing wrong, as when I did the thing I had taken most pains to reason out as right.

Like one stunned by an electric shock,

I had neither feeling nor care left for anything. I was shut up in that most awful of dungeons, hardness of heart. I walked to the end of the long room, as far as I could go from the scene of my crime, and sat down on the great chest, with my coffin, the bureau, facing me in the distance. The first thing, I think, that I grew conscious of, was dreariness. There was nothing interesting anywhere. What should I do? There was nothing to do, nothing to think about, not a book worth reading. Story was suddenly dried up at its fountain. Life was a plain without water-brooks. If the sky was not "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors," it was nothing better than a canopy of grey and blue. By degrees my thought settled on what I had done, and in a moment I realized it as it was—a vile thing, and I had lost my life for it! This is the nearest I can come to the expression of what I felt. I was simply in despair. I had done wrong, and the world had closed in upon me; the sky had come down and was crushing me. The lid of my coffin was closed. I should come no more out!

But deliverance came speedily—and in how lovely a way! Into my thought, not the room, came my uncle. Present to my deepest consciousness, he stood tall, loving, beautiful, sad. I think it was then first, but there is much uncertainty in the order of my recollections, that I knew he was a sad man. Certainly then first I knew that I had wronged him in looking into his drawer. Then first I saw it was his being that made the thing I had done an evil thing. If the drawer had been nobody's, there would have been no wrong in looking into it. And what made it so very bad was that my uncle was so good to me!

With the discovery came a rush of glad-some relief. Strange to say, with the clearer perception of the greatness of the wrong I had done, came the gladness of redemption, though not because of the wrong or its greatness. It was almost a pure joy to find that it was against my uncle, my own uncle, that I had sinned! That joy was the first gleam through a darkness that had seemed settled on my soul forever. But a brighter followed, for thus spake the truth within me: "The thing be in your uncle's hands; he is the lord of the wrong you have done; it is to him it makes you a debtor; he loves you, and will forgive you. Of course he will! He cannot make undone what is done, but he will comfort you, and find some way of

setting things right. There must be some way! I cannot be doomed to be a contemptible child to all eternity! It is so easy to go wrong, and so hard to get right!"

I sat the rest of the day alone in that solitary room, away from Martha and Rover and everybody. I would that even now in my old age I waited for God as then I waited for my uncle! If only he would come, that I might pour out the story of my fall, for I had sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression!—only I was worse, for neither serpent nor wife had tempted me! At tea-time Martha came to find me. I would not go with her. She would bring me my tea, she said. I would not have any tea. With a look like that she sometimes cast on my uncle, she left me. Dear Martha! she had the lovely gift of leaving alone. That evening there was no tea in the house! Martha did not have any.

With the conceit peculiar to repentance and humiliation, I took a curious satisfaction in being hard on myself. I could have taken my meal tolerably well; with the new hope in my uncle as my saviour, came comfort enough for the natural process of getting hungry, and for the desire of food; but with common, indeed vulgar foolishness, my own righteousness in taking vengeance on my fault was a satisfaction to me. I forgot that it was presumption in the one defiled to take vengeance on her own fault, that I was not pure enough to have any right to do that. For all my great joy in the discovery, I forgot that, the fault being against my uncle, I was in his jurisdiction, and he only had to deal with it, he alone could forgive it.

It was the end of August, and the night stole swiftly upon the day. It grew quite dark, but I would not stir. Had my uncle remained all the night away, I believe I should have sat till the morning. But, happily both for my mental suffering and my bodily endurance, he came home sooner than many a time. I heard the house door open. I knew he would come to the study before going to his bedroom, and my heart gave a bound of awe-filled eagerness. I knew also that Martha never spoke to him when he returned from one of his late rambles, and that he would not know I was there. Long before she died Martha knew how grateful he was for this delicate consideration. Martha Moon was not one of this world's ladies; but there is a country where the social question is not, "Is she a lady?"

but, "How much of a woman is she?" Martha's name must, I think, stand well up in the Book of Life; she cannot be in the lowest rank of heaven's nobility, even where all are noble.

My uncle, then, approached his room without knowing there was a live kernel to the dark that filled it. I hearkened to every nearer step as he came up the stair, along the corridor, and up the short final ascent to the door of the study. I crept from my place to the middle of the room, and without a thought of consequences, stood waiting the arrival through the dark, of my deliverer from the dark. I did not know that many a man who will calmly face a battery, will spring a yard aside if a yelping cur dart at him suddenly.

My uncle opened the door and closed it behind him. His lamp and matches always stood ready for him on his table; it was my part to see they were there. With a sigh, which seemed to seek me in the darkness and find me, he came forward through it. I caught him round the legs, and clung to him. He gave a great gasp and a smothered cry, staggered and nearly fell. "My God!" he murmured. He must have stifled many an emotion to ejaculate so under his breath when startled.

"Uncle! uncle!" I cried, in greater terror than he. "It's only Orbie! It's only your little one!"

"Oh! it's only my little one, is it?" he rejoined, at once recovering his equanimity, and not for a moment losing the temper which is as ready as any nervous cat to spring away from us when we are startled.

He caught me up in his arms, and held me to his heart. I could feel it beat hard against my little person.

"Uncle! uncle!" I cried again. "Don't! Don't!"

"Why not?" he asked hurriedly. "Did I hurt you, my little one?"

He relaxed his embrace, and held me more gently, but did not set me down.

"No, no!" I answered. "But I've got a secret, and it will hurt you to kiss me before it is gone. I wish there was a swine to send it into!"

"Give it to me, little one. I will treat it better than a swine would."

"But it musn't be treated, uncle! That might make it come again!"

"There is no fear of that, my child! As soon as a secret is told, it is dead. It is a secret no longer."

"I don't think that, uncle!" I answered. "When you tell it, there it is

all the same—an ugly thing. It has put off its cloak, and shown itself."

"All secrets are not ugly things when their cloaks are off. The cloak may be the ugly thing, and nothing else."

He stood in the dark, holding me in his arms. But the clouds had cleared off a little, and though there was no moon, I could see the dim blue of the skylights, and a little shine from the grey of his hair.

"But mine is an ugly thing," I insisted, "and I hate it. Please let me put it out of my mouth, and perhaps it will go dead."

"Make haste then, my little one."

"Put me down, please," I returned.

He walked to the old chest under the gable-window, seated himself on it, and set me down beside him. I slipped from the chest, and knelt on the floor at his feet, a little way in front of him, quite in the darkness.

I told him the story from beginning to end, with a great part of my meditations while hesitating to do the deed. I felt very choky, but forced my way through, talking with a throat and voice that did not seem my own. The moment I ceased, I heard a sound like a sob. Was it possible my big uncle was crying? Then indeed there was no hope for me! He was horrified at my wickedness, and very sorry to give me up. I howled like a wild beast.

"Please, uncle, will you kill me!" I cried, through a riot of sobs that came from me like potatoes from an inverted sack.

"Yes, yes, I will kill you, my darling," he answered, "this way! this way!" and stretching out his arms he found me in the dark, and covered my face with kisses.

"Now," he resumed, "I've killed you alive again, and the ugly secret is dead, and will never come to life any more forever. And I think besides we have killed the hen that lays the egg-secrets."

He rose with me in his arms, set me down on the chest, and lighted his lamp, which he carried to the bureau. Then he returned, and taking me by the hand, led me to it, opened wide the drawer of offence, lifted me, and held me so that I could see well into it. The light, flashed in a hundred glories of color, from a multitude of cut but unset stones that lay loose in it. I soon learned that most of them were of small money-value, but their beauty was none the less entrancing. There were stones of price among them,

but not many. These were the first he taught me, because they were the most beautiful. My fault had opened a new source of delight; my stone-lesson was now one of the great pleasures of the week. In after years I thought how the richness of God is not content with setting right what is wrong; he must make it a gain—a gain that comes nowise from the evil but all from the graciousness of love; he will not have his children the worse for the wrong they have done. He takes care that we lose nothing by it; he turns it to an advantage. That is fatherhood. For the incommensurable sand-grain, he gives his oyster a pearl.

"There," he said, "you may look at them as often as you please; only mind you put every one back when you have satisfied your eyes with it. You must not put it in your pocket, or carry it about in your hand."

Then he set me down, saying, —

"Now you must go to bed, and dream about the pretty things. I will tell you a lot of stories about them afterward."

We had a way of calling all sorts of facts *stories*.

I never cared to ask how it was that, seeing all the same I had done the wrong thing, the whole weight of it was lifted from me. So utterly was it gone, I say, that I did not care to ask whether I ought so to let it pass from me. It was nowhere. In the fire of my uncle's love to me, and mine to him, the thing vanished. It was annihilated. Should I not be a creature unworthy of life, if, now in my old age, I, who had such an uncle in my childhood, did not with my very life believe in God?

I have wondered whether, if my father had lived to bring me up instead of my uncle, I should have been very different; but the useless speculation has only driven me to believe that the relations on the surface of life are but the symbols of far deeper ties, which may exist without those correspondent external ones. At the same time, now that, being old, I naturally think of the coming change, I feel that, when I see my father, I shall have a different feeling for him just because he is my father, although my uncle did all the fatherly toward me. But we need not trouble ourselves about our hearts and their varying hues and shades of feeling. Truth is at the root of all existence, therefore everything must come right if we are only obedient; and right is the deepest satisfaction of every creature as well as of God. I wait in confidence. If things

be not as we think, they will both arouse and satisfy a better *think*, making us glad they are not as we expected.

CHAPTER VI.

I LOSE MYSELF.

I HAVE one incident more to relate before my narrative comes into the clear domain of memory.

I was by no means a small bookworm, neither spent all my time in the enchanted ground of my uncle's study. It is true I loved the house, and often felt like a burrowing animal that would rather not leave its hole; but then suddenly would wake the passion for the open air; I must get into it or die! There was little fear of my growing into a mole. I was well known in the farmyard, not to the men only, but to the animals as well. In the absence of human playfellows, they did much to keep me from selfishness. Also I took no unfrequent flights abroad, in which I was quite alone. It never seemed to occur either to Martha or my uncle, that I needed looking after; and I am not aware that I should have gained anything by being looked after. I speak for myself, and have no theories about the bringing up of children. Martha Moon must, I think, have regarded the matter as in my uncle's hands; if he wanted her to do anything, he would say so. I went therefore when and where and when I pleased, as little challenged as my uncle himself. Like him I took now and then a long ramble over the moor, fearing nothing, and knowing nothing to fear. I went sometimes where, to my recollection, it seems as if human foot could never have trod before, so wild and waste was the prospect, and so unknown it looked. The house was built on the more sloping side of a high hollow just within the moor, which stretched wide away from the very edge of the farm. If you climbed the slope, you saw on the one side the farm below you, in all the colors and shades of its outspread well-tilled fields; on the other side you saw the heath. When, indeed, you went up the garden, through the belt of shrubs and pines that encircled it, and through the wilderness behind that, you were at once upon the heath. If then you went as far as the highest point in sight, wading through heather and the hardy plants that grow in such places — including the rocks which in childhood I never doubted grew also, though with a slower growth — you looked round you on all sides, and saw nothing but a wildness of the same wild

sort, reaching to the horizon — with here and there hills that hid or broke the level line of the horizon, but were of nearly the same kind of stuff as the level heath. But the level heath itself was far from flat or smooth, as I found that day I had the adventure I am about to relate. I wonder I never lost myself before. I suppose then first my legs were able to wander beyond the ground with which my eyes were familiar.

It rained all the morning and afternoon. When our last lesson was over, my uncle went out, and I betook myself to the barn, where I amused myself in the straw. By this time Rover must have gone back to his maker, for I remember as with me only a large, respectable dog of the old-fashioned mastiff type, who endured me with a persistence that amounted almost to friendliness, but who never followed me about, or did anything to keep me out of mischief — probably because he, no more than uncle or Martha, ever thought of mischief. About the usual hour, I went into the house to have my afternoon meal. It was called tea, but I knew nothing about tea, while in milk I was as much of a connoisseur as many a squire in wine. I could tell perfectly to which of the cows I was indebted for the milk I was drinking; Miss Martha never allowed the milks of the different cows to be mingled.

Just as my meal was over, the sun shone with sudden brilliance into my very eyes. The storm was breaking up, and vanishing in the west. I threw down my spoon, and ran, hatless as usual, from the house. The sun was on the edge of the farthest hill as seen from the hollow, and I rushed straight for the sun. I was all in shadow as I climbed the low height, but the sun was up there above me. The bracken was so wet, it felt like wading through a brook, and in a moment I was sopping; but to be wet was nothing to me. Not until many years after was I able to believe that damp could hurt.

I had not gone far toward the setting sun, when down he went. And as he sank he sent up a wind, which blew a sense of coming dark. The wind of the sunset brings ever since a foreboding of tears; it seems to say: "Your day is done; the hour of your darkness is at hand." It grew cold, and a feeling of threat filled the air. All above the grave of the buried sun, the clouds were angry with dusky yellow and splashes of gold. They lowered tumulous and menacing. Then, lo! they had lost courage; their bulk melted off in fierce vapor, gold and

grey, and the sharp outcry of their shape was gone. As I recall the airy scene, that horizon looks like the void between a cataclysm and the moving afresh of the spirit of God upon the face of the waters. I went on and on, I do not know why. Something doubtless enticed me, but what it was I cannot now tell. Or indeed, I may have been plunged in some meditation, then absorbing, now forgotten, not necessarily worthless. I am indeed jealous of moods that can be forgotten, but sometimes such may leave their traces in the character. I wandered on. What ups and downs there were! how uneven was the surface of the moor! The feet learned what the eye had not seen.

All at once I woke to the fact that mountains hemmed me in. They looked mountains, though they were only little hills. What had become of home? where was it? The light lingering in the west might have shown me the direction of it — I do not know, but I remember no vision of the west — nothing but a deep hollow surrounded by dark hills. I was lost!

I was not exactly frightened at first. I knew no cause of dread. I had never seen a tramp even, to wake the sense of the inimical. But the awe of the fading light and the coming darkness, closed down upon me, and though I knew nothing of the real danger, that which comes with cold and exposure, I soon began to be frightened, and fear is like other live things; once started, it grows. But just as my heart was dying within me, I looked up to the hills — with no hope that from them would come my aid — and there, on the edge of the sky, lifted against it, in a dip betwixt two of the hills, was the form of a lady on horseback. I could see the skirt of her habit flying out against the clouds as she rode. Had she been a few feet lower, so as to come between me and the side of the hill instead of the sky, I should not have seen her; neither should I if she had been a few hundred yards further off. I believe I gave a shriek at the thought that she was riding on without seeing me, and I should not be able to make her hear me. She started, turned, seemed to look whence the cry could have come, but kept on her way. Urged by despair I shrieked in earnest, and began to run wildly toward her. I think then she must have seen something moving — that its changing of place detached my shape sufficiently to make it discernible. She pulled up, and sat like a statue, awaiting my arrival. I kept on calling as I ran,

to assure her I was doing my utmost, for I feared she might grow impatient and leave me to the darkness. Slowly I staggered up to her at last, quite spent. Just as I reached her, my foot caught, and as I fell, I clasped the leg of her horse, for I had no fear of animals more than of human beings. He was startled, and rearing drew his leg from my arms. But he took care not to come down on me. I rose to my feet, and stood panting.

What the lady said, or what I answered, I cannot clearly recall. The next thing I remember is stumbling along by her side, she making her horse walk to let me keep up with her. She talked to me a little, but I do not remember much of what she said. It is all a dream to me now, and a far-off one. I think it must have been like a dream even at the time, I was so exhausted. I remember a voice descending now and then, as if from the clouds—a cold, musical voice with something in it that made me not want to hear it. In my memory of that walk, it seems to be going on and on forever. I remember her telling me once that we were near her house and would soon be there. Whether she asked me questions and I answered any of them, I cannot say; but I think she found out from me where I had come from, and to whom I belonged.

All the time I never saw her face; it was too dark. Neither do I remember that she once spoke kindly to me. She said I had no right to be out alone, and she wondered at my father and mother. I said I had no father or mother. I think she gave me no answer to that. I do not remember her once showing, by sound or movement, that she heeded what I said. She sat straight up there in the dark, unpleasant, and all but unseen—a riddle which the troubled child by her horse's side did not want solved. Had there been anything to call light, I should have run away from her. Vague doubts of witches and ogresses crossed my mind, but I said to myself those were not true stories, and kept on as best I could.

Before we reached the house, we had left the heath, and were moving along lanes. The horse seemed to walk with more confidence, and it was harder for me to keep up with him. I was so tired that I could not feel my legs. I stumbled often, and once the horse trod on my foot. I fell; he went on; I had to run limping after him. At last he stopped. I could see nothing. The lady gave a musical cry. A voice and footsteps made answer; and presently came the sound of a gate on

its hinges. A long, dark piece of road followed. I knew we were among trees, for I heard the wind in them over our heads. Then I saw lights in windows, and presently we stopped at the door of a great house. I remember nothing more of that night.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MIRROR.

I WOKE the next morning in a strange bed, and for a long time could not think how I came to be there. A maid appeared, and told me it was time to get up. Greatly to my dislike, she would insist on dressing me. My clothes looked very miserable, I remember, in consequence of what they had gone through the night before. She was kind to me, and asked me a great many questions, but paid no heed to my answers—a treatment to which I had not been used; I think she must have been the lady's maid. When I was ready she took me to the housekeeper's room, where I had some bread and milk for breakfast. Several servants, men and women, came and went, and I thought they all looked at me so strangely. I concluded they had never had any little girls in that house. Certainly no one there seemed to have any liking for children. In some houses the child is as a stranger in the house; in others, he rules the house; in neither case is the house in the kingdom of heaven. I must have looked a forlorn creature as I sat, or perched rather, on the old horse-hair sofa in that dingy room. Nobody said more than a word or so to me. I wondered what was going to be done with me, but I was already able to wait for what would come. I think it must have been hours before, without a word of explanation, I was led through long passages into what seemed an enormous room, where I was again left a long while—this time alone. The room, which was all white and gold, had its walls nearly covered with great mirrors from floor to ceiling, but it was some time before I discovered this, for I was not accustomed to mirrors. Except the small glass on my little dressing-table, and one still less on Martha's, I had scarcely seen one, and was not prepared for those sheets of glass in their narrow gold frames.

I went about, looking at this thing and that, but handling nothing; my late secret had cured me of that. Weary at last, I sat on a low chair, and would probably have soon fallen asleep, had not the door opened, and some one come in. I could

not see the door without turning, and was too tired and sleepy to move, though not to keep staring into the mirror in front of me. All at once I descried in it my uncle — but only to see him grow white as death, and turn away, reeling as if he would fall. The sight so bewildered me that, instead of rushing to embrace him, I sat frozen. He clapped his hands to his eyes, steadied himself, stood for a moment rigid, then came straight toward me, but, to my added astonishment, gave me no greeting, or showed any sign of joy at having found me. Never before had he seen me for the first time any day, without giving me a kiss; never before, it seemed to me, had he spoken to me without a smile; I had been lost and was found, and he was not glad! The strange reception fell on me like a numbing spell. I had nothing to say, no impulse to move. I had no part in the present world. He caught me in his arms, hid his face upon me, knocked his shoulder heavily against the door-post as he went from the room, walked straight through the hall, and out of the house. I think no one saw us as we went; I am sure neither of us saw any one. With long strides he walked down the avenue, never turning his head to one side or the other. Not until we were on the moor, out of sight of the house, did he stop. Then he set me down; and then first we discovered that he had left his hat behind. For all his carrying of me, and going so fast — and I must have been a pretty big girl — his face had no color in it.

"Shall I run and get it, uncle?" I said, as I saw him raise his hand to his head, only to discover there was no hat there to be taken off. "I should be back in a minute!" I added.

It was the first word spoken between us.

"No, my little one," he answered, wiping his forehead — and his voice sounded far away, like that of one speaking in a dream; "I can't let you out of my sight again. I've been wandering the moor all night looking for you!"

With that he caught me up again, and pressing his face to mine, walked with me thus, I should think, for a long quarter of a mile. Oh, how safe I felt! — and how happy — happy beyond smiling! I loved him before, but I never knew before what it was to lose him and find him again.

"Tell me," he said at length.

I told him all, and he did not speak a word until my tale was finished.

"Were you very frightened," he then asked, "when you found you had lost your way, and darkness was coming?"

"I was frightened, or I would not have gone to the lady. But I wish I had staid on the moor for you to find me. I knew you would soon be out looking for me. Until she came I comforted myself with thinking that perhaps even then you were on the moor, and I might see you any moment."

"What else did you think of?"

"I thought that God was out on the moor, and if you were not there, would keep me company."

"Ah!" said my uncle, as if thinking to himself, "she but needs him the more when I am with her!"

"Yes, of course!" I said; "I need him then for you as well as for myself."

"That is very true, my child. Shall I tell you one thing I thought of while looking for you?"

"Please, uncle."

"I thought how Jesus' father and mother must have felt when they were looking for him."

"And they needn't have been so unhappy if they had thought who he was — need they?"

"Certainly not. And I needn't have been so unhappy if I had thought who you were. But I was terribly frightened, and there I was wrong."

"Who am I, uncle?"

"Another little one of the same father as he."

"Why were you frightened, uncle?"

"I was afraid of your being frightened."

"I hardly had time to be frightened before the lady came."

"Yes; you see I needn't have been so unhappy."

My uncle always treated me as if I could understand him perfectly. This came, I see now, from the essential child-likeness of his nature, and from no educational theory.

"Sometimes," he went on, "I look all around to see if Jesus is out anywhere, but I have never seen him yet."

"We shall see him one day, shan't we?" I said, craning round to look into his eyes, which were my earthly paradise. Nor are they a whit less dear to me, nay, they are dearer that he has been in God's somewhere, that is, the heavenly paradise, for many a year.

"I think so," he answered, with a sigh that seemed to swell like a sea-wave against me, as I sat on his arm; "I hope

so. I live but for that — and for one thing more."

There are some, I fancy, who would blame him for not being sure, and bring text after text to prove that he ought to have been sure. But oh, those text people! They do not look to me like the clay-sparrows that Jesus made fly, but like bird-skins in a glass case stuffed with texts. The doubt of a man like my uncle must be a far better thing, I cannot help thinking, than their assurance.

"Would you have been frightened if you had met him on the moor last night, little one?" he asked, after a pause.

"Oh, no, uncle!" I returned. "I should have thought it was you till I came nearer, and then I would have known who it was. He wouldn't like a big girl like me to be frightened at him — would he?"

"Indeed not!" answered my uncle fervently; but again his words brought with them a great sigh, and he said no more.

When we reached home, he gave me up to Martha, and went out again — nor returned before I was in bed. But he came to my room, and waked me with a kiss, which sent me faster asleep than before.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH AND ZOE.

I THINK it must have been soon after this that my uncle bought himself a horse. I know something of horses now — that is, if much riding and much love suffice to give a knowledge of them — and the horse which was a glory and a wonder to me then, is a glory and a wonder to me still. He was large, big-boned, and powerful, with less beauty but more grandeur than a thoroughbred, and full of fiery gentleness. He was the very horse for Sir Philip Sidney.

One day, after he had had him for several months, and had let no one saddle him but himself, therefore knew him perfectly, and knew that the horse knew his master, I happened to be in the yard as he mounted. The moment he was in the saddle, he bent down to me, and held out his hand.

"Will you come with me, little one?" he said.

Almost ere I knew, I was in the saddle before him. I grasped his hand, instinctively caught with my foot at his, and was astride the pommel. I will not say I sat very comfortably, but the memory of that day's delight will never leave me — not "through all the secular to be." There

must be a God to the world that could give any such delight as fell then to the share of one little girl. I think my uncle must soon after have had another kind of saddle, for I have no recollection of any more discomfort, and remember only the delight of the motion of the horse under me.

For after this I rode with him often, and he taught me to ride as surely not many have been taught. When he saw me so at home in my seat as to require no support, he made me change my position, and go behind him. There I sat sideways on a cloth, like a lady of old time on a pillion. When I had got used to this, my uncle made me stand on the horse's broad back, holding on by his shoulders; and it was wonderful how soon, and how unconsciously, I accommodated my attitude to every motion of the strength that bore me, learning to keep my place by pure balance like a rope-dancer. I had soon quite forgotten to hold by my uncle, and without the least support rode as comfortably, and with as much confidence, as any rider in the circus, though with a far less easy pace under me. When my uncle found this was my way, he was much pleased, though a little nervous at times.

Able now to ride his big horse any way, he brought me home one day the loveliest of Shetland ponies, not very small. With the ordinary human distrust in good, I could hardly believe she was meant for me. Zoe, as he called her, was a dappled grey — like the twilight of a morning after rain, my uncle said. He called her Zoe, which means life. His own horse he called Death — which some thought a terrible name. For most people are so afraid of Death that they regard his very name with awe. My uncle had a riding-habit made for me, and after a week found I would give him no more trouble with my horse-womanship. At once I was at home on my new friend's back, with vistas of delight innumerable opening around me. From that day my uncle seldom rode without me. When he went wandering, it was on foot, and then he was always alone. The idea of offering to accompany him on such an occasion, had not once occurred to me.

But one stormy autumn afternoon — most of my memories seem of the autumn — my uncle looked worse than usual when he went out, and I felt, I think for the first time, a vague uneasiness about him. Perhaps I had been thinking of him more, perhaps wondering what it could be that made him so often seem unhappy. Any-

how this evening the desire awoke to be with him in his trouble whatever it was. There was no curiosity in the feeling, I think, only the desire to serve him as I had never served him yet. I had been, as long as I could remember, always at his beck or his lightest call; now I wanted to come when needed without being called. Was it impossible a girl should do anything for a man in his trouble? He, a great man, had helped a little girl out of a deep despair. That the big people should do everything, did not seem fair. He had told me once that the world was held together by what every one could do that the others could not do; there must be something I could do that he could not do.

The rain was coming down on the roof like the steady tramp of distant squadrons. I was in the study, therefore near the tiles, and that was always how the rain upon them sounded. Tramp, tramp, tramp, came the whole army of things, riding on to befall my uncle and me. Tramp, tramp, came the troops of the future to take the citadel of the present. I was not afraid of them, neither sought to imagine myself afraid. I had no picture in my mind of any evil that could assail me. A little grove of black poplars near, kept swaying their expostulations, and moaning their entreaties. The great rushing blasts of the wind through their rooted resistance, made the music of the band that accompanied the march of the unknown. I sat and listened with the vague conviction that something was being done somewhere. It could not be that only the wind and the trees and the rain were in all that wailing and marching. The powers of life and death must somewhere be at work. Then rose before me the face of my uncle, as he walked from the room, haloed in a sorrowful stillness. If only I knew where to seek him! Wishing, wishing, I sat and listened to the rain and the wind.

Suddenly I found myself on my feet, making for the door. I should not have ventured alone upon the moor on such a night, but I should not be alone; I should have Zoe with me, who knew all the ways of it—had doubtless been used to bogs in her own country, and her mother before her. It was plain from her foresight and prudence. Like a small elephant, she would put out her little foot, and tap and sound, to see if the bog would bear her—if the questionable spot was what it looked to her mistress, or what she herself doubted. When she had once made up

her mind in the negative, no foolish attempt of mine could overpersuade her; nothing could prevail to make her trust our weight on it a hair's-breadth. In a bog the greenest spots are the most dangerous, and Zoe knew it; the matted roots might be afloat on a fathomless depth of water. Backed by my uncle, she soon taught me to be as much afraid of those green spots as she was herself. I had learned to trust her thoroughly.

I took my way to the stable, with a hug and a kiss to Martha as I passed her in the kitchen. I got the cowboy to saddle Zoe, fearing I might not persuade one of the big men on such a night; I was not quite able to tighten the girths properly. She had not been out all day, and when I mounted, she danced at the prospect of a gallop.

I took with me the little lantern I went about the place with when there was no moon, and with this alight in my hand, we darted off at a tight-reined gallop into the wet, blowing night. What I was going for I did not know, beyond being with my uncle. So far was I from any fear, that but for my shadowy uneasiness about him, I should have been full of the wild joy of battle with the elements. The first part of the way, I had to cling to the saddle; not otherwise could I keep my seat against the wind, which blew so fiercely on me sideways, that it threatened to blow me out of it.

I had not gone far before the saddle began to turn round with me; I was slipping to the ground. I pulled up, dismounted, undid the girths with difficulty, set the saddle straight, then pulled at every strap with all my might. It was to little purpose; I could not get another hole out of one of them. I mounted and set off again; but the moment a little stronger blast came, the saddle began to turn. Then I thought of something to try; I dismounted once more, and got up on the off side. The wind now pushed me on to the saddle; I had the use of my legs against the wind; and the saddle was freed of my leverage, so that we got on bravely, Zoe and I. But, alas! my lantern was out, and it was impossible to light it again, so that I had now no arrow to shoot at random for my uncle's eye. Before long we reached a tolerable cart-track, which led across the waste to a village. The wind was now behind us, and I resumed the more comfortable seat in the saddle.

We were going at a good speed, and had ridden, as I judged, about three miles,

when there came a great flash of lightning—not like any flash I had ever seen before. It was neither the reflection of lightning below the horizon, nor the sudden, zigzagged blade, the very idea of force without weight; it was the burst of a ball-headed torrent of fire, from a dark cloud, like water sudden from a mountain's heart, which went rushing down a rugged channel, as if the cloud were indeed a mountain, and the fire one of its cataracts. Its endurance was momentary, but its moments might have been counted, for it lasted appreciably longer than an ordinary flash, revealing to my eyes what remains on my mind, clear as the picture of some neighboring object on the skin of one slain by lightning. The torrent tumbled down the cloud and vanished, but left with me the vision of a man, plainly my uncle, a few hundred yards from me, on a gigantic grey horse, which reared high with fright. But for its size I could have testified before a magistrate, that I had not only seen that horse in the stable as my pony was being saddled, but had stroked and kissed him on the nose. I conceived at once that his apparent size was an illusion caused by the suddenness and keenness of the light, and that my uncle had come home before I had well reached the moor, and had ridden out after me. Immediately I turned to leave the road and join him, calling aloud to him. But the thunder that moment burst with a terrific bellow, and swallowed my cry. The same instant, however, came through it from the other side the voice of my uncle only a few yards away.

"Stay, little one," he shouted; "stay where you are. I will be with you in a moment."

I obeyed, as ever and always without a thought, I obeyed the slightest word of my uncle; Zoe and I stood as if never yet parted from chaos and the dark, for Zoe, too, loved his voice. The wind rose suddenly from a lull to a great roar, and emptied a huge cloudful of rain upon us, so that I heard no sound of my uncle's approach; but presently out of the dark an arm was around me, and my head was lying on my uncle's bosom. Then the dark and the rain seemed but natural elements of love and confidence.

"But, uncle," I murmured, full of wonder which had had no time to take shape, "how is it?"

He answered in a whisper that seemed to dread the ear of the wind, lest it should hear him,—

"You saw, did you?"

"I saw you upon Death away there in the middle of the lightning. I was going to you. I don't know what to think."

"Neither do I," he returned, with a strange half-voice, as if he were all but choking. "It must have been—I don't know what. There is a deep bog away just there. It must be a lake by now."

"Yes, uncle, I might have remembered; but how was I to think of that when I saw you there—on dear old Death, too! He's the last of horses to get into a bog; he knows his own weight too well."

"Yes, it was no wonder. But why did you come out on such a night? What possessed you, little one—in such a storm, and as dark as pitch? I begin to be afraid what next you may do."

"I never do anything—now—that I think you would mind me doing," I answered. "But if you will write out a little book of *may*s and *maynot*s, I will learn it by heart."

"No, no," he returned; "we are not going back to the tables of a law. You have a better law written in your heart, my child; I will trust to that. But tell me why you came out on such a night."

"Just because it was such a night, uncle, and you were out in it," I answered. "Ain't I your own little girl? I hope you ain't sorry I came, uncle! I am glad; and I shouldn't like ever to be glad at what made you sorry."

"What are you glad of?"

"That I've found you."

"Why?"

"I came to look for you."

"Why did you come to-night more than any other night?"

"Because I wanted so much to see you again. I thought I might be of use to you."

"You are always of use to me; but why did you think of it just to-night?"

"I don't know. I am older than I was last night," I replied.

He seemed to understand me, and asked me no more questions.

All this time we had been standing still in the storm. He took Zoe's head and turned it toward home. The dear creature set out with slow, leisurely step, heedless apparently of storm and stable. She knew who was by her side, and he must set the pace.

As we went my uncle seemed lost in thought—and no wonder; for how could the sight we had seen be accounted for? Or what might it indicate?

Many were the strange tales I had read, and I had the conviction that the vision

belonged to the region of the inexplicable. It grew upon me that I had seen my uncle's double. That he should see his own double would not in itself have much surprised me; or indeed that I should see it; but I had never read of another person seeing a double at the same time with the person doubled. My uncle had taught me a good many of the more striking facts and relations of natural science, and during the next few days I sought hard for some possible explanation of what had occurred, or at least to find something parallel to it within the scope of my knowledge. I did what I could with *fata morgana*, *mirage*, *parhelion*, and whatever I knew of recognized illusion, but in vain sought satisfaction, or anything pointing in the direction of satisfaction, and was compelled to leave the thing alone. My uncle kept silence about it, but seemed to brood more than usual. I think he too was convinced that it must have another explanation than present science would afford him. Once I ventured to ask if he had come to any conclusion; with a sad smile he answered, —

"I am waiting to know, little one. There is much we have to wait for. Where would be the good of having your mind made up wrong? It only stands in the way of getting it made up right."

By degrees the thing went into the distance, and I ceased even speculating upon it. I may mention ere I leave it, that just as I was reaching a state of quiet mental prorogation, a fact revived in my memory which revived the question of my mind — not for long, however, for it brought no help to the solution of the marvel it served to confirm. It suddenly came to me that, the moment after the flash, my Zoe, startled as she was, gave out a low whinny; I remembered the quiver of it under me; she, too, must have seen her master's double.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GARDEN.

I REMEMBER nothing more to disturb the even flow of my life till I was nearly seventeen. Many pleasant things had come and gone; many pleasant things kept coming and going. I had studied tolerably well — at least my uncle plainly showed himself pleased with the progress I had made and was making. I knew at this moment a good deal more than would be required for one of these modern degrees feminine. I had besides read more of the older literature of my country than any one I have

met except my uncle — with this advantage over most students, that here at all events my knowledge was gained without the slightest prick of the spur of emulation — in pure following of the same delight that shone radiant in the eyes of my uncle as he read with me. I had this advantage too, that, whether from impression of the higher mind, I saw and learned a thing not merely as a part whose glory, as a harmonic of a mightier whole, remained unrevealed, but as the harbinger of an unknown advent. For as long as I can remember, my heart was given to expectation, was tuned to long waiting. I constantly felt — felt without thinking — that something was coming. I feel it now; but were I in my youth, I dared not say it. There never were more than one or two to whom I could have said it. How otherwise, seeing we are compassed with so great a cloud of witnesses to the commonplace! Would they not, with superior smile, sweetly acidulous, have quoted in reply, —

Love is well on the way;

He'll be here to-day,

Or, at latest, the end of the week;

Too soon you will find him,

And the sorrow behind him

You need not go out to seek.

Would they not have told me that the said expectation was but the shadow of the cloud called love, hanging no bigger than a man's hand on the far horizon, but fraught with storm for mind and soul which, when it withdrew, would carry with it the glow and the glory and the hope of life; being at best but the mirage of an unattainable heaven, therefore direst of deceptions — which gone, life would look as it was in truth, dull and unlovely. For such can no more believe in what they have once felt, than a cloud can believe in the rainbow it once bore on its bosom. Old, I dare to say that I expect more and better and higher and lovelier than ever. I am not going home to God to say: "Father, I have imagined, yes, felt, in my time, better, more beautiful things, than thou in thy eternity art able to make true! They were so good that thou thyself art not good enough to will them; so great that thou art not strong enough to make them. Thou couldst but make thy creature dream of them, because thou canst but dream of them thyself."

I was now approaching the mysterious verge of womanhood. What was beyond it I could ill descry, though surely a vague power of undeveloped prophecy dwells in

every created thing — even in the bird ere he chips his shell.

Should I dare, or could I bear to write of what lies now to my hand, if I did not believe that not our worst but our best moments, not our low but our lofty moods, not our times logical and scientific, but our times instinctive and imaginative, are those in which we perceive the truth — behold it with a beholding which is one with believing? Wordsworth indeed says: —

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;

but did he not, and cannot we recall that hour? and has not its memory almost, or even altogether the potency of its presence? Is not the very thought of a certain flower enough to make me believe in that flower — believe it to mean all it ever seemed to mean. That *these* eyes may never more rest upon it with the old delight, matters nothing — means little. If I thought, as so many have degraded themselves to think, that the glory of things in the morning of love was a glamor cast upon the world, and no outshine of indwelling radiance, should I care to breathe one day more the air of this or of any world? Nay, nay, but there dwells in everything the father hath made the fire of the burning bush, as dwelt at home in the son of God the glory that was set loose and broke out from him on the mount of his transfiguration. The happy-making vision of things that floods the gaze of the youth when first he knows the marvel of loving and being loved by a woman, is the true vision — and the more likely to be the true one, that, when he gives way to selfishness, he loses faith in the vision, and sinks back into the commonplace — a disappointed, sneering worshipper of power and money — with this remnant yet in him of the light, that he grumbles at the gloom its departure has left behind. He confesses by his soreness that the illusion ought to have been true; he seldom confesses that he has loved himself more than the woman, and so has lost her. He lays the blame on God, or the woman, or the soullessness of the universe — on any but the sole being in which he is interested enough to be sure it exists — his own precious, greedy, vulgar self. Would I dare to write of love, I repeat, if I did not believe it a true, that is, an eternal thing?

It was a summer of exceptional splendor in which my eyes were opened to "the

glory of the sum of things." It was not so hot of the sun as summers I have known, but there were so many gentle and loving winds about, with never point or knife-edge in them, that it seemed all the housework of the universe was being done by ladies. Then the way the odors went and came on those sweet winds! and the way the twilight fell asleep into the dark! and the way the sun rushed up in the morning, as if he cried like a boy: "Here I am! The Father has sent me! Isn't it jolly!" I saw more sun-rises that year than I had seen before, or shall see again with these eyes; I am waiting for a new pair. And the grass was so thick and soft! There must be grass in heaven! And the roses, both wild and tame, that grew together in the wilderness! — I think you would like to hear about the wilderness.

When I grew to notice, and think, and put things together, I began to wonder how the wilderness came to be there. I could understand that the solemn garden, with its great yew hedges and alleys, and its oddly cut box-trees, was a survival of the stately old gardens haunted by ruffs and farthingales; but the wilderness looked so much younger that I was perplexed with it, especially as I saw nothing like it anywhere else. I asked my uncle about it, and he explained that it was indeed after an old fashion, but that he had himself made this wilderness, mostly with his own hands, when he was young. This surprised me, for I had never seen him touch a spade, and hardly ever saw him in the garden. When I did, I always felt as if something was going to happen. He said he had tried to make it as like as he could to the wilderness laid out, at least in print, by lord St. Alban's in his essays. I found the book, and soon came upon the essay "On Gardens." The passage concerning the wilderness, gave me, and still gives me so much delight, that I will transplant it like a rose-bush into this wilderness of mine, hoping it will give pleasure to my reader.

"For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wished it to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness. Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade, and these are to be in the heath here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills, such as are in wild heaths, to be set some with wild thyme,

some with pinks, some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye; some with periwinkle, some with violets, some with strawberries, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with liliun convallium, some with sweet-williams red, some with bear's foot, and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly; part of which heaps to be with standards of little bushes pricked upon their top, and part without; the standards to be roses, juniper, holly, barberries—but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom—red currants, gooseberries, rosemary, bays, sweetbriar, and such like; but these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course."

Just such, all but in the gooseberries and currants, was the wilderness of our garden. You came on it all at once by a sudden labyrinthine twist at the end of a narrow alley of yew, and a sudden door in the high wall. My uncle said he liked well to see roses in the kitchen-garden, but not gooseberries in the flower-garden, especially a wild flower-garden. Wherein lay the difference, I never quite made out, but I feel a difference. My main delight in the wilderness was to see the roses among the heather—particularly the wild roses. When I was grown up, the wilderness always affected me like one of Blake's, or one of Beddoes's yet wilder lyrics. To make it, my uncle had taken in a part of the heath, which came close up to the garden. He had left plenty of the heather and ling; and the protecting fence enclosed a good bit of the heath just as it was, so that the wilderness melted away into the heath; and the fence, though contrived so as not to be easy to cross, being so low that one had to look for it, it seemed to melt away into the wide moor.

Everywhere the inner garden was surrounded with brick walls, and hedges of yew within them; but immediately behind the house, the wall was not very high.

CHAPTER X.

ONCE MORE A SECRET.

ONE morning in June, I had gone into the garden, whether with or without an object I forget. Hearing a horse's hoofs in the lane that ran along the outside of the wall, I looked up. The same moment the horse stopped, and the face of his rider appeared over the wall, between two stems of yew and two great flowers of

purple lilac, in shape like two perfect bunches of swarming bees. It was the face of a youth of eighteen, and beautiful with a right manly beauty.

The moment I looked on this face, I fell into a sort of trance—that is, I entered for a moment some condition of existence beyond the ramparts of what commonly we call life. Love at first sight it was that initiated the strange experience. But understand me; real as it was to the consciousness, there was no actual fact in it. The thing was this:—

I stood gazing. My eyes seemed drawn, and drawing my person toward the vision. Isolate over the garden wall was the face; the rest of the man and all the horse were hidden behind it. Betwixt the yew stems and the two great lilac flowers—how heart and brain are yet filled with the old scent of them!—my face, my mouth, my lips met his. I grew blind as with all my heart I kissed him. Then came a flash of icy terror, and a shudder which it frights me even now to recall. Then I knew that but a moment had passed, and that I had not moved an inch from the spot where first my eyes met his.

But my eyes yet rested on his; I could not draw them away. I could not free myself. Helplessness was growing agony. His voice broke the spell. He lifted his hunting-cap, and begged me to tell him the way to the next village. My self-possession returned, and the joy of its restoration drove from me any lingering embarrassment. I went forward, and without faltering gave him detailed directions. He told me afterwards that, himself in a state of bewildered surprise, he thought me the coolest young person he had ever had the fortune to meet. Why should one be pleased to know that she looked quite different from what she felt? There is something wrong there, surely. I acknowledge the wrong, but do not understand it. He lifted his cap again, and rode away.

I stood still at the foot of the lilac-tree, and, from a vapor, condensed, not to a stone, but to a world, in which a new Flora was about to be developed. If no new spiritual sense was awakened in me, at least I was aware of a new consciousness. I had never been to myself what I was now.

A terror seized me: the face might again look over the wall, and find me where it had left me. I turned, and went slowly away from the house, gravitating to the darkest part of the garden.

"What has come to me," I said, "that I seek the darkness? Is this another secret? Am I in the grasp of a new enemy?"

And with that the whirlwind began. Must I go at once, the first moment I could find him, and tell my uncle what had happened, and how I felt? or must I have, and hold, and cherish in silent heart, a thing so wondrous, so precious, so absorbing? Had I not solemnly promised — of my own will and at my own instance — never again to have a secret from him? Was this a secret? Was it not a secret?

So the storm went on; and the wonder is that, in the fire of the new torment, I did not come to loathe the very thought of the young man — which would have delivered me, if not from the necessity of confession, yet from the main difficulty in confessing.

I said to myself that the secret I had before held from my uncle, was the secret of a wrong done to him; that what had made me miserable was a bad secret. The perception of this difference gave me comfort for a time, but not for long. The fact remained that I knew something concerning myself which my best friend did not know. It was, and I could not prevent it from being, a barrier between us.

Yet what was it I was concealing from him? What had I to tell him? How was I to represent a thing of which I knew neither the name nor the nature, a thing I could not describe? Could I explain what I did not understand? The thing might be what, in the tales I had read, was called love, but I did not know that it was. It might be something new, peculiar to myself; something for which there was no word in the language. How was I to tell? I saw plainly that if I tried to convey my new experience, I should not get beyond the statement that I had a new experience. It did not occur to me that the thing might be so well known that a mere hint of the feelings concerned would enable any older person to classify the consciousness. I said to myself I should merely perplex my uncle. And in truth even now I believe that love, in every mind in which it arises, will vary in color and form, will always partake of that mind's individual isolation in difference.

But, comfort myself as I might that the impossible was required of no one, and granted that the thing was impossible, it was none the less a cause of misery, a present disaster; I was aware, and soon my

uncle would be aware, of an impenetrable something separating us. I felt that we had already begun to grow strange to each other, and the feeling lay like death at my heart.

Our lessons together were still going on; that I was no longer a child had made only the difference that progress must make; and I had no thought that they would thus go on always. They were never for a moment irksome to me; I might be tired by them, but never of them. My uncle never set me the task of preparing a lesson; what I did in the way of private study was of my own will and choice. We were regularly at work together by seven, and after half an hour for breakfast, resumed work; but by half past eleven our lessons in common were always ended. Although the day, however, was thus cleared of the imperative, much the greater part of it was in general passed in each other's company. We might not speak a word, but we would be hours together in the study. We might not speak a word, but we would be hours together on horseback.

For this day our lessons were over, and my uncle was from home. It was an indisputable relief, yet the fact that it was, pained me keenly, for I recognized it as the first of the schism. How I got through the day, I cannot tell. I was in a dream, not all a dream of delight. Haunted with the face I had seen, and living in the new consciousness it had waked in me, I spent most of the day in the garden, now in the glooms of the yew walks, and now in the smiling wilderness. It was odd, however, that, although I was not *expected* to be in my uncle's room at any time but that of lessons, all the morning I had a feeling as if I ought to be there, while yet glad that my uncle was not there.

When I went to bed, I was long in getting to sleep, and then I dreamed. I thought I was out in the storm, and the flash came which revealed the horse and his rider, but they were both different. The horse in the dream was as black as coal, as if carved out of the night itself; and the man upon him was the beautiful stranger whose horse I had not seen for the garden-wall. The darkness fell, and the voice of my uncle called to me. I waited for him with a troubled heart, for I knew he had not seen that vision, and I could no more tell him of it, than could Christabel tell her father what she had beheld. I woke, but my waking was no relief.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOLE BURROWS.

MY UNCLE was late, and I was in bed long before his return. Perhaps I retired the sooner that I might not have to look into his eyes. Though I slept again after my dream, of course I woke unhappy. The morning world had lost something of its natural glow, of its lovely freshness; it was not this time a thing new-born of the creating word. I dawdled with my dressing. The face kept coming, and brought me no peace, yet brought me something for which it seemed worth while even to lose my peace. But I did not know then, and do not yet know what the loss of peace actually means. I only know that it must be something more terrible than anything I had ever known. I was true to my uncle, however; not even for what the face seemed to promise me, would I have consented to cause him trouble. For what I saw in it, I would do anything, I thought, except pain my uncle.

I went to him at the usual hour, determined that nothing should distract me from my work—that he should perceive no difference in me. I was not at the moment awake to the fact that here again were love and deception hand in hand. But another love than mine was there. My uncle loved me immeasurably more than I yet loved that heavenly vision. True love is keen-sighted as the eagle, and my uncle's love was love true, therefore he saw what I sought to hide. It is only the shadow of love, which is often a grotesque, ugly thing like many another shadow, that, caring only for the shadow of the thing it may seem to love, is blind either to its troubles or its faults. The moment our eyes met, I could see that my uncle saw something in mine that was not there when last we parted. But he said nothing, and we sat down to our lessons. Every now and then, as they proceeded, however, I felt rather than saw that his eyes rested on me for a moment questioning, as I had never known them rest before. Plainly he saw and felt that something was different; could anything be different between two who so long had loved each other, without implying something less well and right than before? This is what I thought my uncle might think. It was indeed not wonderful he should see a difference; for, with all the might of my resolve to do better than usual at my work, I would now and then find myself unconscious of what either my uncle or myself had last been saying,

or what thought or notion had last been in my mind. The face had come yet again, and driven everything from its presence. I grew angry—not with the youth, but with his face, for coming so often when I did not want it. Once I caught myself on the verge of crying out: "Can't you wait? I will come presently," and my uncle looked up as if I had spoken. Perhaps he had as good as heard the words; he possessed what seemed sometimes a supernatural faculty of divining what passed in the thought of another—not, I was sure, by any effort to know, but by involuntary intuition. He uttered no inquiring word, but a light sigh once or twice escaped him, and all but made me burst into tears. He was suffering more keenly than I was able to imagine. I was on one side of a widening gulf, and he on the other.

When our lessons were ended he rose immediately and went. Five minutes more and I heard the clatter of his horse's feet on the stones of the yard. A moment more and I heard him ride away at a swift trot. I burst into tears where I sat beside my uncle's empty chair. I was weary with a weight that had to be borne—like one in a dream searching in vain for a spot whereupon to set down her heart-breaking burden. There was no one in the world but my uncle to whom I could have told any real trouble, and the trouble I could not have told him had been unimaginable. My reader may then think what a trouble it was that I could not tell him my trouble. I was a traitor to my only friend. Had I begun to love him less? had I begun to turn away from him? I dared not believe it. That would have been to give eternity to my misery. But it might be that at heart I was a bad, treacherous girl. I had again a secret from him. I was not *with* him.

I went into the garden. The day was sultry and oppressive. Coolness or comfort was nowhere. I sought the shadow of the live yew-walls; there was shelter in the shadow, but it oppressed the lungs while it comforted the eyes. Not a breath of wind came, and the atmosphere seemed to have lost its life-giving. I went out into the wilderness. It was filled and heaped with the many odors of the heavenly plants that crowded its humble floor, but they gave me no welcome. Between two bushes that flamed out roses, I lay down, and the heather and the rose-trees closed above me. My mind was in such a confusion of pain and pleasure—with a hope of deliverance somewhere in its

clouded sky — that I could think no more, and fell asleep.

I imagine that, had I never again seen the young man, I should not have suffered. I think that, by slow, natural degrees, his phantasmal presence would have ceased to haunt me, and I should have grown gradually capable of my duties as before. I do not mean that I should have forgotten him, but neither should I have been troubled on remembering him. I know I should never have regretted having seen him. Like a thunderstorm, with all its unsettling influences, would the experience have passed from me. I had nothing to blame myself for. I should have felt — not that a glory had passed away from the earth, but that I had had a vision of bliss. What it was I should not have had the power to recall, but it would have left with me the faith that I had beheld what was too ethereal for my memory to store. I should have consoled myself both with the dream and with the conviction that I should not dream it again. The peaceful sense of recovered nearness to my uncle would have been far more precious to me than the dream. The sudden fire of transfiguration that had for a moment flamed out of the all and then again withdrawn inward, would have become a memory only, but the child-way of seeing things would have remained with me, nor do I think that would ever have left me; it is the care and the prudence of the wise that bleaches the grass, and holds the red rose of life over sulphur-fumes; but it was not thus my history was to unfold itself.

Outwearied with inward conflict, I slept a dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

A LETTER.

A COOL wind went through the curtains of my couch, and I awoke. The blooms of the peasant-briars and the court-roses were waving together over my head. The sigh of the wind went breathing itself out over the far heath, and as it passed through my forest of lowly plants and small bushes, it found and fanned the cheeks that had lain down hot and athirst for air. It gave me life new and fresh. I lay for a few minutes, and then as I was rising something fluttered to the ground. I thought it was a leaf from a white rose above me, but I looked, and there lay a folded paper. I took it up. It had been folded hastily and had no address, but who could have a better right to unfold it

than I. It might be nothing of consequence; it might be a note to myself. Should I open it? Why should I not open it? Here no doubt was an opportunity to set things right between my heart and my uncle; I could take it to him unopened. But if — I hardly dared even in thought to complete that *if* — might not that be a wrong to the youth of my vision? Might it not represent a confidence reposed in me? Might it not be the messenger of a heart trusting me before it ever knew my name? Would it not be to inaugurate our acquaintance with an act of treachery, or at least distrust? Right or wrong, thus my heart reasoned, and to its reasoning I gave heed. "It will," I said, "be time enough to resolve when I know the matter that requires resolve." This, I now know, was juggling, for the question was there already — whether I should be open with my uncle or not. "What if I should," I said to myself, "the moment I knew the contents of the paper, reproach myself that I had not read it at once."

I sat down on the heather amid the roses, and unfolded it. This is what I found written with a pencil: —

"I am the man to whom you talked so kindly over your garden wall yesterday. Will you, I wonder, think me presuming and impertinent. Presuming I may be, but impertinent, surely not. If I were, would not my heart tell me so, seeing it is all on your side?"

"My name is John Day; I do not yet know yours. I have not dared to inquire after it, lest I should hear of some impassable gulf between us. The fear of such a gulf haunts me. I can think of nothing but the face I saw over the wall through the clusters of lilac, but the wall seems to keep rising as if it would hide you forever.

"Is it wrong to think thus of you without your leave? If one may not love the loveliest, then is the world but a fly-trap hung in the great heaven, to catch and ruin souls.

"If I am writing nonsense — I cannot tell whether I am or not — it is because my wits wander with my eyes to gaze at you through the leaves of the wild rose under which you are asleep. Loveliest of faces, may no gentlest wind of thought ripple thy perfect calm until I have said what I must, and laid it where you will find it.

"I live at Rising, the manor-house over the heath. I am the son of Lady Cairn-

edge by a former marriage. I am twenty years of age, and have just ended my last term at Oxford. May I come and see you? If you will not see me, why then did you walk into my quiet house, and turn everything upside down? I shall come to-morrow night in the dusk, and wait in the heather, outside the fence. If you come, thank God! If you do not, I shall believe you could not, and come again and again and again, till hope is dead. But I warn you I am a terrible hopper.

"It would startle, perhaps offend you, to wake and see me so near you; but I cannot bear to leave you asleep. It seems as if something might happen to you. I will write until you move, and then make haste to go.

"My heart swells with words too shy to go out. Surely a Will has brought us together. I believe in fate, never in chance.

"When we see each other again will the wall be down between us, or shall I know it will part us all our mortal lives? Longer than that it cannot. If you say to me, 'I must not see you, but I will think of you,' not one shall ever know I have other than a light heart. Even now I begin the endeavor to be such that, when we meet at last, as meet we must, you shall not say, 'Is this the man, alas! who dared to love me!'"

"I love you as one might love a woman-angel who, at the mere breath going to fashion a word unfit, would spread her wings and soar. Do not, I pray you, fear to let me come. There are things that must be done in faith, else they never have being; let this be one of them. You stir!"

As I came to these last words, hurriedly written, I heard behind me, over the height, the quick gallop of a horse, and knew the piece of firm turf he was crossing. The same moment I was there in spirit, and the imagination was almost vision. I saw him speeding away—"to come again!" said my heart, solemn with gladness.

Rising Manor was the house to which the lady took me that dread night when first I knew what it was to be alone in darkness and silence and space. Was that lady his mother? Had she rescued me to give me her son? I could hardly be willing to believe it. But I had never actually seen the lady, or I had forgotten what she was like. The way was mostly dark, and during a great portion of it, I was too weary to look up to where she sat

on the great horse; then in the morning I was taken away without having seen her. I had never to my knowledge heard who lived there. I was not born inquisitive, and there were miles between us.

I sat still, nor thought of moving. I had no need or impulse to move a finger. I lived essentially—independent of outer ways of life. I knew now what had come to me. It was no merely idiosyncratic experience, for the youth had the same; it was love! How otherwise could we be thus drawn together from both sides? Also it seemed verily good enough to be that wondrous thing ever on the lips of poets and tale-weaving magicians. Was it not far beyond any notion of it their words had given me? The secret of life was opened to me.

But my uncle! There lay bitterness. Was I false to him, that now the thought of him was a pain? Had I begun a new life apart from him? To tell him would perhaps check the terrible separation. But how was I to tell him? For the first time I knew that I had no mother. Would Mr. Day's mother be my mother, too, and help me? But from no woman but my own mother, hardly even from her would I ask mediation with the uncle I had loved and trusted all my life and with my whole heart. I had never known father or mother, save as he had been father and mother and everybody to me. What was I to do? Gladly would I have hurried to some desert place, and there waited for the light I needed. That I was no longer in any uncertainty as to the word that described my condition, did not, I found, make it easy to use the word to my uncle. "Perhaps," I argued, as I struggled in the toils of my new liberty, "my uncle knows nothing of this kind of love, and would be unable to understand me. Suppose I confessed to him what I felt towards a man I had spoken to but once, to tell him the way to Dumbleton, would he not think me out of my mind?"

At length I bethought me that, so long as I did not know what to do, I was not required to do anything; I must wait till I did know what to do. But with the thought came suffering enough to be the wages of any sin, that, so far as I knew, I had ever committed. For the conviction awoke that already the love that had hitherto been the chief joy of my being, had begun to pale and fade. Was it possible I was ceasing to love my uncle? What could any love be worth if mine should fail my uncle? Love itself must be a mockery, and life but a ceaseless sliding

down to the fearful valley of indifference. Even if I never ceased to love him, it was just as bad to love him less. Had he not been everything to me?—and this man, what had he ever done for me? Doubtless we are to love even our enemies; but are we to love them as tenderly as we love our friends? Or are we to love the friend of yesterday, of whom we know nothing though we may believe everything, as we love those who have taken all the trouble to make true men and women of us? "What can the matter be with my soul?" I said. "Can that soul be right made, in which one love begins to wither the moment another begins to grow? If I be so made, I cannot help being worthless."

It was then first, I think, that I received a notion—anything like a true notion, that is, of my need of a God—whence afterward I came to see the one need of the whole race. Of course, not being able to make ourselves, it needed a God to make us; but that making were a small thing indeed, if he left us so unfinished that we could come to nothing right; if he left us so that we could think or do or be nothing right; if our souls were created so puny, for instance, that there was not room in them to love as they could not help loving, without ceasing to love where they are bound by every obligation to love right heartily, and more and more deeply. But had I not been growing all the time I had been in the world? There must then be the possibility of growing still. If there was not room in me, there must be room in God for me to become larger. The room in God must be made room in me. God had not done making me, in fact, and I sorely needed him to go on making me; I sorely needed to be made out. What if this new joy and this new terror had come, had been sent, in order to make me grow? At least the doors were open; I could go out and forsake myself. If a living power had caused me—for I did not cause myself—then that living power knew all about me, knew every smallness that distressed me. Where should I find him? He could not be so far that the misery of one of his own children could not reach him. I turned my face into the grass and prayed as I had never prayed before. I had always gone to church, and made the responses attentively, but I knew that was not praying, and had tried to pray better than that. But now I was asking from God something I sorely wanted. "Father in heaven," I said, "I am so miserable! Please, help me!"

I rose, went into the house, and up to the study, took a silk sock I was knitting for my uncle, and sat down to wait what would come. I could think no more; I could only wait.

From The Fortnightly Review.
RURAL LIFE IN FRANCE IN THE
FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

The food of country people in the fourteenth century, as to-day, was chiefly pork in all its forms of bacon, ham, brawn, or pudding; and pork was relatively little cheaper than in many a remote and rural place to-day. Butter, cheese, eggs, were very plentiful; herrings were an article of almost daily diet (they cost a sol the hundred, about a halfpenny apiece), as also in the north of France, a kind of salted whale called *craspois*, a truly Viking dish, of which the popularity has wholly vanished.* In Normandy pea-soup was then, as now, a favorite food.† Wine, beer, and mead were freely drunk by all classes. In 1392, a homeless pin-maker on the tramp breakfasts off wine and fish;‡ workmen out of employment dine at the village inn off bread, meat, and red wine at fourpence the pint.§ In the same year the provisions left in the house of the wife of the Duke of Bourbon's minstrel were: bacon to the value of four sous or shillings, six large loaves of bread, a great pot full of green peas, two penn'orth of onions, and a shilling's worth of salt.|| But the best criterion we get of the daily food of the rural population is the record preserved in the accounts of manors and monasteries of the dinners afforded to laborers on *corvée*, or doled out day by day in return for some bounden service. Thus, the smith of the monastery of Jumèges received in return for his occasional services a daily ration of two small loaves, a measure of wine of medium quality, and either six eggs, four herrings, or some equivalent dish.|| A vintager of St. Ouen, on *corvée*, was supplied every day with two rolls and a mess of peas and bacon with salt.** A tenant of the monks at Bayeux, during his *corvée*, was entitled to a daily meal of a white loaf, a brown loaf, five eggs, or three herrings, with a

* Léopold Delisle, *L'Agriculture Normande*, p. 189.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Régistres du Châtelet* for 1392, i. 174.

§ *Ibid.*, 437.

|| *Ibid.*, i. 526.

** Delisle, *L'Agriculture Normande*, 189.

*** *L'Agriculture Normande*.

gallon of beer.* The monks of Montebourg gave their men a loaf, a mess of pea-soup, three eggs, and the quarter of a cheese, or, if they chose, six eggs, and no cheese; on fast days they made shift with three herrings and some nuts; they washed down this ample meal with as much beer as they chose to drink.* A tenant of the monks of St Ouen, received, in return for his *corvée*, not only bread and wine, pea-soup and bacon, but fresh or salt beef and poultry. All this is in Normandy. In Anjou, the men on *corvée* dine more sparingly of wine and bread and garlic; but the carpenters on a farm receive in addition to a daily wage of one sol eight deniers, five pennorth of meat per person; the hedgers and ditchers also dine off bread and meat.† In almost every one of the numerous records that we have of the daily fare of the laboring class in fourteenth-century France, we find a dish of eggs, a mess of peas and bacon, half a chicken, a few herrings, or a generous slice of meat, added to the modern laborer's dinner of bread and cheese and beer.

Our rural ancestors of every class went well and warmly clad. The farm laborers of the fourteenth century wore better garments than our ploughmen use to-day. Men of every class appear to have possessed linen shirts and linen drawers, hose of strong cloth, and leather shoes; a coat of warm russet or fustian, an ample cloak resembling the *limousin* or Tuscan *feraiuolo*, and (sometimes attached to this garment, sometimes separate) a long-tailed hood of cloth. Masons, laborers, workmen of every class, completed this costume by a pair of gloves; London gloves were held in high esteem. Bonis, the merchant of Montauban, sold them to his country clients at seven sols the dozen.

The women were as sensible in their attire. They all wore a long chemise of linen, and over this a garment called a doublet, in form resembling the linen bodice sewn to a white petticoat, which is still used in dressing little girls. The wedding doublet of the butcher's daughter of Montauban took about five yards of fine white linen of Paris, costing fifteen sols the ell—a measure which exceeded the modern metre by about two nails. The butcher was evidently a man of means; for we find his wife ordering some doublets for herself at £3 10s. apiece, while a neighboring noble's wife spends not quite

half as much on those selected for her wardrobe. The wife of another burgher chooses three-and-twenty doublets, delicate in quality and of a vermeil color. Over this garment the women of the fourteenth century put a tight long bodice of strong cloth, to which they attached, by hooks or lacets, a pair of tight, long sleeves, generally of some costly material, silk being used on great occasions even by the poorer classes. Over this again they slipped a very long dress, touching the ground on all sides, tight in the bodice but sleeveless, or with loose, hanging sleeves; it was generally much trimmed with silk and braid. A farm-servant buys a piece of red silk to trim her gonella, another chooses one of blue cloth worth one livre; the simplest that we find, made of a coarse, pale cloth called blanket, comes, with the trimmings, to nearly fourteen sols. The gown was surmounted by a heavy girdle, richly ornamented, from which the purse and keys of the housewife dangled. Out of doors a long, draped mantle, trimmed to match the gonella, was usually worn.

The women of the later fourteenth century were fastidious in dressing their hair. We all know the *hennin*, the tall, slender sugar-loaf of buckram, from which floated a gauzy veil. The peasants naturally did not wear this inconvenient and romantic headdress. They braided their hair with ribbons and galleons intertwined in every plait. A woman with long hair would use about seven yards of ribbon; over this she placed a strong net of silk or thread; the whole was enveloped in a veil of thin silk, the favorite ornament of country-women, and frequently given as a wedding present. A very handsome veil of German silk would cost as much as seventeen sols; a commoner one, of good Aleppo silk, from five to ten sols; still a veil quite presentable in appearance, of a rougher silk, could be had as low as three sols (we may suppose about twelve shillings of our money). Almost every peasant in well-to-do circumstances afforded his wife and daughter this piece of elegance, probably worn on fine occasions. The artisans, small farmers, and farm servants of the fourteenth century were less economical in ornament than their descendants. The butcher of the little country town of Montauban gives his daughter, for her wedding day, a silver necklace, a purse, a girdle of silk, a string of amber beads, a pair of embroidered gloves, a veil of German silk, two silk nets for her hair, and many-colored silks and threads for the

* L'Agriculture Normande, 190.

† Joubert, Vie Privée en Anjou, p. 94.

embroidery of her wedding gown. An artisan affords his child a veil of German silk, a net to match, a string of amber, a purse and girdle, the whole expense coming to £1 6s., or about five guineas of our currency. A servant on one of Bonis's farms buys for his wife a silk wimple; gloves, hair-ribbons, and ornamented hair-nets are common fairings.

We see all these good people, dressed soberly or splendidly according to their rank, but almost always comfortably dressed, as we turn the pages of the accounts of Bonis or the palpitating "Registers of the Châtelet" (the Newgate Calendar of an earlier age). Along the country roads, the notary jogs on business, dressed in violet cloth richly furred, solidly seated on his ample cob. He passes the country squire (the grandchild of the last rich semi-noble vavasseur) hooded in black, parti-colored russet, and wrapped in a houppelande of English green, furred with squirrel, the long end of his cloak falling over the left shoulder. The shepherd on the hill drives his flock; he is warmly clad in strong brown woollen. The thatcher, as he steps across the fields from his daughter's churning, is dressed all in his best in a large check of brown and white and blue. There stands the farmer, all in sombre russet, with an elegant hood striped black and yellow; there are gold rings on his hand, over his gloves, and gold clasps to his girdle. At the little village inn the serving-maid comes out, dressed in iron-grey, with a bunch of pink roses in her hands. The mason of the hamlet stands at his gate, chatting with a fellow of his craft, and the tramp in search of work; the home-staying workman is well clad in whitish grey, with darker grey hose and a grey-blue hood; the traveller has a long brown cottehardie, lined with an old coat, a brown hood buckled under the chin, brown hose, and strong leather shoes with steel buckles. At the corner of the road a wandering beggar waits for alms, dressed in a mantle of faded russet patched with an older light-blue garment, and a hood of Heaven knows what color, not worth two deniers. His wife squats beside him, slovenly dressed in an old, patched cassock tied round her waist with a reed. She has no hair, and a strip of dirty cloth tied round her head but half conceals her baldness. They are the only really shabby people that we meet (save the wandering friars, who make a virtue of it); but few are so magnificent as the drover, a person of importance, it would appear, from the

quality and the quantity of his purchases. The goat-herd and the shepherd are all in russet; but see the drover as he comes home from market resplendent in his mantle checked with black and green; he sports a hood striped with grey and yellow; hood and cloak are in accordance with the most fashionable standard of the day. Here out in the fields we seldom use such brilliant colors; russet, blanket, grey, blue, and English green are our usual wear. It is only when the knight, the doctor, or the merchant from the town is drawn this way that we see the real taste of the *bon ton*; the particolor green and vermeil, white and blue, *vert perdu* and slate color, yellow and black, white and vermeil, that are, with the universal black and green, the last cry of the *mode*. The check and stripe are popular alike in town and country. It may, perhaps, interest my readers to see the price paid by the country people of the fourteenth century for their comfortable clothes. In order to have an idea of the relation of this expense to their revenue, let us remember that the wage of a laborer varied, according to his age and position, from five deniers to one sol two deniers per day.

If not in every village, at least in every *châtellerie*, there was a doctor, a surgeon, and a barber surgeon; * the laborers appear to have used their services freely and to have rewarded them with liberality. One of Bonis's day-laborers falling ill, sends to Montauban for the physician of the place, and pays him for several visits the sum of four sols two deniers — which we may compare to nearly £1 15s. of our money. Another pays his doctor as much as eighteen sols, say £3 12s. And in the accounts of Bonis we find frequent mention of drugs and medicinal spices of an expensive sort, sold to the agricultural laborers of the district.

The doctors of the Middle Ages and later, even so late as the middle of the fifteenth century, were chiefly inspired by the theories of the Arabs. Louis XI., as we know, made the Paris University copy *in extenso* the great work of Abou Bekr ibn Zacaria er Razi, the famous physician of the tenth century, whose masterpiece, "El Mansoori," is a *résumé* of Arabian therapeutics. This book, commonly known as "Razi," was very popular throughout the fourteenth century. A copy of it, bought by Bonis for four livres, assisted him in the preparation of his drugs, and of the plasters, unguents, electuaries and tisanes

* Joubert, Vie Privée en Anjou, p. 60.

especially in request among a fourteenth-century rural population.

It may be interesting to examine a few of the remedies employed. Rheumatism, that special misery of those that work in the wintry fields, was treated externally by the application of a plaster of cordials and gums spread on a thin piece of silk. The part affected was also rubbed with an ointment (costing seven sols) made of four ounces of turpentine and two ounces of white wax, one ounce of resin, one ounce of myrrh, two ounces of *bol d'Arménie*, and two ounces of oil of roses;* it was then covered with a sheet of wadding. Complaints of the skin were treated by an unguent composed of a quarter of a pound of mallow, a quarter of a pound of white wax, a quarter of a pound of olive oil, an ounce of incense, and an ounce of turpentine; as well as by medicated baths. Sulphur was also freely used. Aniseed was given as a specific against indigestion, with camomile, *quassia amara*, camphor, and essence of cinnamon. Coughs and colds were cured by a sudorific tea of rose and camomile; by a milk of almonds mixed with starch and sugar, almost exactly resembling the delicious *looch* of modern France; by an infusion of pectoral flowers (mallow, violet, etc.), as well as gum arabic and barley sugar.† In severe cases the physicians of the Middle Ages administered the famous theriac of Nero, the *Theriacus Andromachi*, composed of opium powdered with some tannic bitter substance, of sulphate of iron, and of two-and-forty active aromatic essences, such as turpentine, Cingalese cinnamon, valerian, citron, rose, etc.‡ A laborer at Bloxham, in Oxfordshire, was treated for bronchitis in 1387, with a syrup of oxymel and squills.§ Disorders of the intestines were pretty generally combated by starch water, alum, and the astringent *bol d'Arménie*; senna tea was also an ingredient in the humblest medicine-chest. Besides the remedies we have mentioned, cordials of cinnamon, camphor, resin, and oil of pinks, electuaries of liquorice, dried prunes, and honey of roses were constantly employed. Oxide of zinc mixed with camphor || was also given, but I do not know in what especial case. The hot bath and the vapor bath were highly esteemed, though less frequent, perhaps, than in the

earlier Middle Ages, when hot baths were hourly cried through all the streets of Paris. Still in the fourteenth century there was no town at all considerable without at least one *établissement de bains*. We find in the "Registers of the Châtelet" that a hot bath was a somewhat expensive luxury, costing several sols. The prolonged warm baths in honor at the court of Charles VI. were a scandal to the Church, and are denounced in the famous sermon of Jacques le Grand.

Besides the remedies we have quoted, it must be allowed that others more fantastic were occasionally used, especially at court and in the treatment of great personages. But our agricultural laborers, who thought twice before they changed their silver sou, were not accessible to fashionable quackery. In all the accounts of Bonis, we find only two receipts that are patently unreasonable, and these are the most expensive. One of them is a powder of ground seed-pearls, the other an ointment of honey of roses, olive oil, white wax, and "half an ounce of mummy." But the cold creams and cosmetics of the present day are not always conspicuous for science; we might find nostrums as inefficacious on the shelves of Madame Georgine Champbaron. And indeed it may be doubted whether the most fantastic remedies of the Middle Ages were not sometimes as successful against the nervous maladies in which they were most often used, as the Lourdes water, the hypnotizing-mirrors, and the various patent medicines so capriciously infallible in our century. The poor and needy, with their humble, painful, every-day disorders, knew, then as now, the virtues of friction and wadding against lumbago; the pepperment tea that calms the colic; the plaster of boiled poppy-heads applied against the raging tooth. The old man, struggling with his asthma, had almost as good an opiate; the feverish child, tossing under its doubled blanket, a potion almost as sudorific as we should find in any country place to-day.

Apart from their special virtues, the medicines of the Middle Ages had a very high hygienic value. They were unusually powerful prophylactics. In an earlier article on the "Workmen of Paris," published in this review, I have quoted from the minutes of the institut-pasteur a series of experiments made by MM. Cadiaac and Meunier establishing the intense and unrivalled microbicidal powers of Cingalese cinnamon; while the oil of pinks, the essences of valerian, thyme,

* Bonis, cxxi.

† All these remedies are taken from the Accounts of Bonis, *loc. cit.*, et seq.

‡ Henri de Parville, "Revue des Sciences" in the *Journal des Débats*, 23rd January, 1890.

§ Thorold Rogers, i. 399.

|| Bonis.

citron, rose, etc., employed in almost every mediæval recipe, are each and all more hostile to the microbe than the iodoform treatment employed against typhoid fever in the Paris hospitals to-day. I advance this assertion with all due discretion, since I have never made any single experiment, and am not in a position to control the opinion of experts; but since the vanguard of science admits so high a value in the drugs employed by our benighted ancestors, we may allow that the pleasantries in vogue on the subject are possibly overstated or misplaced.

If the fourteenth-century village was less ill off than we are apt to imagine it in regard to the medicines of the body, it appears that the training of the mind was less absolutely non-existent in the rural class than it has been our habit to assert. Many of the laborers on the farms of Bonis could sign their names, though probably their science in writing ended there. But every tenant-farmer, in an age when the accounts of tenant and landlord were peculiarly complicated, was obliged to know a certain amount of book-keeping; doubtless the steward was often more learned than his lord. Hedge-schools were common;* in every considerable village, if not in every hamlet, there was a schoolmaster, appointed generally by the patron of the village living. There was a certain regulated number of parish schools in every county, and this number might not be exceeded; our ancestors never could be brought to recognize the advantages of competition. Certain texts, however, prove the existence of unauthorized hedge-schools, promptly quashed as soon as they came to the knowledge of the authorities.

The Great Plague, which so changed the face of Europe, diminished education by carrying off the schoolmasters. The Continuator of Guillaume de Nangis remarks that, after the epidemic of 1348, there were not enough teachers for the requirements of the houses, hamlets, and castles of his country. Thus the sons of the men who fought at Crecy grew up, though richer, more ignorant than their fathers.

The schools of the fourteenth century were not entirely free; and as a certain proportion of their profits went to the patron, he filled up the gaps as soon as possible. The village priest was often the schoolmaster, and the instruction was always chiefly religious; but the boys were also taught the rudiments of Latin

grammar. The ideal of every peasant was to have a son in the Church — a son who might become abbot, bishop, chancellor, cardinal. It was their one great chance of rising in the world. But in every kingdom of the spirit, many are called, few chosen. Of the dozen or so boys who went to every village school with a dim idea that perhaps by-and-by they might in their turn become a parish priest, or enter some religious order, a fair proportion became stewards or laborers.* Some, no doubt, persevered in their original intention; some went to the town, or, tiring of grammar, listed for a soldier; but alas, we meet a good many of them in the "Registers of the Châtelet." Perhaps — who knows? — these ne'er-dowells were the most useful of them all, for their dispositions in the court of justice give us many curious lights on mediæval education. Thus, for example, one Jehannin de la Montaigne, a wandering mason, accused of horse stealing, invokes the privilege of clergy, asserting that he was tonsured at the age of eight years old when he went to school and learned his psalter — "car auparavant qu'il aprenist son dit métier de maçon, il avait esté avec plusieurs enfans d'icelle ville de Château Regnault à l'escole de la dite ville et avoit aprins jusqu'à son 'Donnet' et 'Catonnet'; et lors il savait bien lire."† This "Donnet" or "Donat" was the grammatical treatise of the famous Ælius Donatus, who flourished in the fourth century, and whose elucidations were very popular throughout the ten following centuries. "Catonnet," a schoolbook equally universal, was one century older; it was a paraphrase of the distiches of the once celebrated Dionysius Cato. To-day, as you see, we scarcely know his name.

The names of these two guides to knowledge were known to Jehannin de la Montaigne, but his knowledge went no further. After a judicious course of torture, he was taken to the kitchen (as was the custom of that guileful age), placed in a comfortable chair before a cosy fire, with a warm mantle round his shoulders and a glass of wine in his hand. Many criminals, obstinate to screw and pulley, succumbed to these more deceiving influences, especially as they succeeded the chill and dismal hour of execution (the torture of the fourteenth century was far less diabolic than that of ages more re-

* Joubert, p. 60. But see especially for this subject the masterly passage of M. Léopold Delisle, "L'Agriculture Normande au Moyen Age," p. 175, *et seq.*

* It will be remembered that in the Third Order of St. Francis special provision is made for laymen who can read, evidently a considerable class.

† Registres du Châtelet, ii. 103.

fined, but it was uncomfortable and rheumatic—pails of icy water being dashed from time to time upon the dislocated patient). Well, to return to Jehannin, whom we choose as an example from a crowd of fellow-sinners—he confessed, as he sat by the kitchen fire, that he was no more a priest than the cook. "But," added he, "a tonsure is convenient in judicial circumstances. Many of my companion masons had tonsures, and it was they who advised me to get one also, which they said I could do without prejudice, as I have really been to school and could read and write well enough when I left it. Therefore I went to the village and had myself tonsured *par un barbier, et non aultrement*." That confession was the end of friend Jehannin, who swung forthwith from the neighboring gallows. "Il n'avoit aucuns biens."

The courts of the Châtelet were literally encumbered with these sham clerks, who impeded the course of justice by asserting a non-existent benefit of clergy. Not one of them when confronted in the courts of justice with a psalter and a primer could read, write, spell a Pater, or say by heart a Latin prayer. This, however, proves nothing against the system of education, which was probably excellent. The School Board manager of the present day, in an age of unexampled science, knows how easily a boy may pass through half-a-dozen years of reading, writing, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, botany, physical chemistry, Biblical exegesis, and all the other necessities that no modern ploughboy is complete without; and yet he emerges as ignorant as he went in. *Nota bene*, the boys nowadays stay at school till twelve, or sometimes fourteen; in those days they left at eight or ten. It is probable that "Donnet" and "Catonnet" did not penetrate deeply into the average inner consciousness. But all were not as ignorant as the good-for-nothings who came before the courts of law for purse-slitting and horse-lifting; these one may probably take as a natural selection of the unfittest. M. Delisle, in his "Agriculture Normande au Moyen Age," gives some delicious examples of the demi-Latinity of the learned peasant, which unfortunately I have not got by heart.

The population of the rural districts of fourteenth-century France varied terribly according to the progress of the Hundred Years' War. It is difficult to form any very accurate idea of the actual numbers. But from the size of the churches remain-

ing from the thirteenth century, which are almost always in accordance with the actual population, we may suppose that it has not increased by more than half; we must allow about that proportion, since mediæval churches, built for sanctuary, were large enough to shelter all the villagers, with the most valuable of their furniture, in war-time. If, however, such villages as have come down to us are not immensely larger, still it must be admitted that numerous new communes have arisen on land that was covered then by bog or forest.

On the other hand many villages called into life by the plenty and peace that followed the last Crusade of Saint Louis disappeared utterly in the long disaster of the Hundred Years' War. The king's tax-gatherers jolted through the country collecting the hearth-tax; again and again they found, beside the ruined steeple, a few tumbling beams, an empty stockyard still paven; nothing more. Another village had vanished. The ordonnances of the kings of France during the first twenty years of Charles V. are painfully eloquent of this continuous depopulation of the country. The wars against the English on the frontiers of Normandy and Gascony accomplished the same end as the cruel repression of the Peasants' Revolt in the centre, or the sackings and plunderings of the captains of adventure round Rheims, round Orleans, and on the borders of Provence. I have dismissed many tragedies in a single phrase; but how in a few lines shall I indicate the terrible position of the peasants? Their grandfathers had dwelt in little hamlets almost under shelter of the town, in whose palisaded suburbs every winter, they, with their families, their harvest and their furniture, thronged for asylum. Moreover, in that earlier age, ruled by firm principles still confidently trusted, the peasant was little less sacred than the priest. All classes recognized the holiness, the authority of him who sows and reaps the grain that is the life of all. No usurer might take in pledge the ploughshare, the beasts that draw it, nor the corn as yet unthrashed. Four days a week, in peace time as in war time, from every Wednesday night till Monday at sunrise, the "Truce of God" forbade the men-at-arms to traverse field or sheep-walk; moreover, at any time the peasant, threatened by marauders, was safe if he fled to his plough and laid his hand upon it; whoso touched the iron that furrowed the earth was inviolable and the plough was as sure

a sanctuary as the church.* But in the thirteenth century the rural populations, overcrowded round their country towns, pushed further and further into the area of moor and forest, till their clearings, far afield, were beyond reach of their earlier centre. In their new home they clustered all year long round the church they raised and under protection of the manor. And the years of peace continued and the population swelled. Thus from each *Châtellerie* sprang new off-shoots; distant hamlets that had forgotten the necessity of a sword arm to shelter them, paying tribute to their lord, but too far from his fortress to receive any efficient aid in war-time. When the great English war broke out and the long years of invasion, these peasants learned to feel their loneliness. True, their neighbors were little better off; for after Crecy, and after Poitiers, the greater part of the seigneurs of France were either dead or in the hands of the English. The ransom they had to raise was all their tenants knew of them; bitter songs and proverbs began to fly from mouth to mouth. "Ten of them will cry surrender to the sound of an Englishman's voice a mile away!" cried Hodge, indignant. Poor Hodge, other miseries were in store for him. The Great Plague, which had emptied the country after Crecy ("la tierce partie du monde mourust"), came again, following Poitiers. When at last the epidemic passed away (having doubled the rate of wage in less than ten years), and the farmer prepared himself to face new economic conditions, he was confronted with other dangers. The truce that had followed Poitiers had brought a momentary peace, and hope began to flourish with the primroses. But the peace that came in the wake of the battles of the fourteenth century was crueller than war. The engagements were no longer fought solely by the armed chivalry of a kingdom; the system of regular armies was as yet unknown. In this cruel time of transition, war was chiefly made by the aid of mercenary captains, who led in the pay of the highest bidder their troops of adventurers.

When the war was over the men who had fought in it could not vanish into air. The nobles rode home to their castles, the peasants to their farms; but the bulk of their army, the bands of mercenaries, remained hovering with the vultures round the battlefield of yesterday. They were hungry and must eat; they must find a

lodging somewhere; and their habit was to plunder. So east and west, north and south, the companies went riding as to a tourney; but chiefly they made their way to the rich, unravaged centre; there they soon took thirteen towns, with many fortresses and castles.

Readers who remember the terrible chapters in which Froissart describes the depredations of the mercenaries throughout all the centre of France, and down through Gascony to Provence, must, in perusing this article, very often have disented from my cheerful picture of the life of fourteenth-century villagers. They remember the despair and the extermination of the Jacques of Brie; they count up the villages marked in some ordnance as disappeared; they recall the ballads of Eustache Deschamps describing the sack of Vertus, and think how many a flourishing little town and what innumerable villages shared its fate:—

If you wish to see poverty, a ruined country side, a deserted town, tottering walls where the fire has been, miserable homes, and a more miserable population—go to Vertus! The English have left everything in flames. There you can have at your good pleasure a horse all skin and bone, a broken bed with foul sheets, and, when you take your walks abroad, the amusement of the ruined house-tops tumbling round your ears.

Henceforth the farms round Vertus shall be abandoned; the vineyards are neglected and no man tends the plants. This first year after the sack there will be few wages paid and those uncertain. The man who was wont to speak loud will learn to speak low. Our town exists no more, and 'twill be long before her walls are built again.*

All this is true; and we shall never know in how many villages the sleeping peasants awoke one night to the dreaded tramp of armed horsemen, to the blare of trump and fife, to the sheen of moonlit armor, and the presence of the redoubtable company in their midst.

Bretons, axe in hand, Gascons armed with lances, the Genoese crossbowmen, the English with their bows and arrows, the Lombards with their knives; they were all as well known as the French—all prayed against and watched for throughout the land of France. The sharpest sighted villager would look out for days in the steeple to give the alarm to his fellows when the first of the horsemen rode up from the horizon; then women, children, men, would throng to the appointed hiding-place in the brake,

* See D. Bessin, *Concilia*, part i., p. 73, quoted by Delisle, p. 116.

* Eustache Deschamps, *Ballades*, édition du Marquis de Queux de St. Hilaire. Ballade 835.

bringing with them such treasure as was still left unburied. Happy those who could thus escape in time, and for whom no crueler fate was in store than to find on the morrow a heap of red ashes where once their village stood!

Yet, how shall we believe it? Though all this was true, although in the north especially, the general ruin introduced disastrous habits of mortgage and usury; although taxes, heavier every year, were expected of the very men who had seen their crops burnt in the stockyard and their vineyards trampled under foot; notwithstanding the epidemic of misery that raged between the battle of Crecy and the coronation of Charles V., the country-sides retained their astonishing vitality. True, in many districts most of the young men went off to the wars (*"Nous aymons mieux faire le gallin-gallant que labourer sans rien avoir,"* as Gerson heard them say) with a natural preference for plundering over being plundered. They only pushed a little further the work begun by the Great Plague. The wages of the remaining laborers became so high that it was easy for them to recover even from total ruin. True, the wattled cottage was razed to the ground, but the paved yard remained. The peasant knew that his treasure was safe in the keeping of some man of trust—some merchant of the walled city—when it was not buried in some box or glove three feet to the west of the wild cherry-tree, far enough from home to remain unsuspected by the company. If most of the harvest was destroyed the remainder sold for an extravagant price; and the hunger of the poor in town was at least the farmers' gain.* Then Charles V., the unparalleled king, sent off the companies to Spain, to Lombardy, well out of the way. In 1375 our poet takes heart and makes an ironical ballad, in which the companies lament the good order of the kingdom.

Le plat pays s'en sent déjà bien
Car on n'y ose piller rien;

Nul n'y va courrir sur les champs
Ne n'y rançonne par puissance.
L'on n'y prend chevaux ni juments
Linges, draps, robes, ni finance,
Poullaie, moutons . . . violence
Ne s'y fait . . .
. . . et le commun bien

* In the disastrous years preceding the accession of Charles V., the price of corn doubled.

Y règne en grand autorité.
On fait labours en abondance.
Honorés sont les anciens . . .
*Chacun dist que c'est grand pitié.**

In fact the "Accounts of the Merchant Bonis," published by M. Forestier, as well as the different documents exhumed by M. Léopold Delisle, M. Siméon Luce, and the Duke de la Trémoille, together with the invaluable "Registers of the Châtelet," show us everywhere, in the gloomiest years and the most desolated districts, a normal state of what we can only call well being.

The peasants ate more and of better food, drank more freely of wine and cider (a good deal too freely, as M. Delisle remarks), wore more costly and more comfortable garments, afforded their wives and daughters richer ornaments and trinkets than, in the same rank and class, they could afford to-day. The "Registers of the Châtelet" are especially precious in this respect. But the accounts of Bonis show us a still more favorable symptom: the amount of saving effected by all classes, the lands and herds constantly acquired by farm laborers and domestic servants. Subject to overwhelming disasters, decimated by plague and invasion, the poor in those days were at least well paid, well fed, and warmly clad.

Perhaps the poor were those that suffered least. The sudden and unparalleled rise in the price of labor did not affect them, or affected them only favorably. The Great Plague which, indirectly, ruined the large landed proprietor, left untouched the peasant farmer. He and his kind prospered, laid by their savings, and bought, rood by rood, the lands of the diminished noble. No other circumstance prepared so insidiously or so absolutely the ruin of Feudalism. The long wars had left the great nobles penniless and threadbare; their fall was accomplished by the rise in the rate of wage. They could no longer afford to work their immense estates. But of their flight to the towns, of their desperate rivalry with the burghers, and of the slow, continuous growth of a strong middle class in town and country, I have here no time to speak. In the words of a contemporary—that is another story.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.
(Madame JAMES DARMESTETER.)

* Eustache Deschamps, ii.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
HENRY VAUGHAN.

THE man who was possessed of a brain and an arm when the seventeenth century opened its book of history in England was not doomed to live out his life in quiet dalliance, or gather renown from the victories of peace. He was to learn something of the stimulant of tumult — to know something of the "stern alarms" and the "dreadful marches" of "grim-visaged war;" night and day his hand would grasp the hilt of his sword.

It is, therefore, not surprising that in the midst of this stir and action we find a similar energy developed in the literature of the day. England was being crushed by the iron mace of war, and yet she was still "a nest of singing-birds." There is no better mirror of the age to be found than in the writings of the poets, the children of the age; and it is easy to see how in such a tempest of angry strife those who stayed to think seriously were filled with a strong and awful yearning for the peace of the children of God.

There was many and many a lovely note, Some singing loud as if they had complained; Some with their notes another manner feigned; And some did sing all out with the full throat.

And one of them, the happy-hearted Wither, whispers from the other side of his dark prison-bars the secret of the hopes that strengthened many of the souls of these singers:—

For many books I care not, and my store Might now suffice me, though I had no more Than God's two Testaments, and then withal That mighty volume which the world we call.

God's two Testaments were the chief source of inspiration and devotion which gave birth to the characteristic abundance of sacred poetry in the seventeenth century. The Bible was a comparatively new book. The opening of its once Rome-locked leaves had had an immeasurable influence on the English nation. It soon became the book of the people, and influenced their character by guiding the currents of their thought. The language of this one book, which in many cases was the only literature accessible to the commonalty, became the language of common conversation. It was natural that it should be woven into the rhythm and verse of the poets whom it inspired. Of these the most popular of his own time and the best known to posterity, was the poet-priest, George Herbert; the least know now, as then, though well associated

with his great master, was Henry Vaughan, the Silurist.

Henry Vaughan was called the Silurist because he was born among the Silures, or people of South Wales, at Newton-by-Usk. The residence of the family, which was ancient enough to number the Welsh kings in its pedigree, had been at the castle of Tretower, where Shakespeare is said to have been a visitor, but the grandfather of the poet had moved to Newton. The year 1621 is usually assigned as the year of the birth of Henry and of his twin brother Thomas. The childhood of the poet was the fatherhood of the man. The luxuriant scenery surrounding the haunts of his youth was to him

apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream;

and one of his earlier poems contains a loving apostrophe to the river Usk, by whose devious banks his feet must often have wandered.

It appears that their twelfth year saw the brothers in the tutorial charge of the Rev. Matthew Herbert, rector of Llangattock. In 1638 they both entered at Jesus College, Oxford, but their advancement in quiet literary pursuits was rudely broken into by the cannon of the Parliamentary generals. The king and his court came to Oxford, and the university became the centre of fashionable literature and art as well as of devotion to the sovereign. The twin brothers were both zealous Royalists. Thomas is known to have fought on the king's side, but whether Henry bore arms is an open question. From certain lines in his poems it might be concluded that he had engaged in the field with his countrymen. It would appear that he was "torn from the side" of a dear young friend in the battle of Rowton Heath; but a line in a Latin poem, written in 1647, suggests that he had taken no part in open warfare. But though he may have shrunk from shedding blood, he did not fear openly to avow his attachment to his royal master, and in consequence he suffered obloquy and imprisonment under the Parliamentary rule. In the mean time his brother Thomas, who had taken holy orders, had been deprived of his living by the Puritan Ecclesiastical commissioners, and had turned to the study of medicine, which he practised in London till after the Restoration. On the plague breaking out, Thomas left for Oxford with the court of Charles the Second, but shortly after was taken ill and died, February 27th, 1665. His death was a terrible

blow to Henry, who had by that time settled down and married in his native home. The poet, after his escape from Puritan clutches, had also studied for the degree of doctor of medicine. His wish for some settled employment, and his love of the metaphysical, carried his mind to the pursuit of alchemy. His profession and his literary studies served to keep him in the even tenor of his way in quiet retirement when he returned to Newton. Here he passed peacefully away on April 23rd, 1695, in his seventy-third year. While thus briefly sketching his life we must not forget to mention that after his release from prison he went to London for a holiday, because in discussing his work it is necessary to see how he gave it to the world and what were the chief circumstances that influenced him at the most critical time of his life.

In 1646 he published some secular verses, chiefly amatory, of which in his riper years he appears to have been ashamed. In 1651 his brother, against his own wishes, brought out another little volume of his verse under the title of "Olor Iscanus." But while these stray pieces, which he had wished to be destroyed, were being published, he was himself preparing for the press a collection of poems expressing his maturer ideas of life. These came out in two volumes under the curious title, "Silex Scintillans."

The difference between the cavalier jollity of the earlier productions and the deep seriousness of the latter, published almost simultaneously, show the transformation through which his mind had been passing. Maddened and blinded by the darkness of the days of his persecution, on gaining his freedom he seems to have led the wild life of despair and

Kissed the painted bloom off Pleasure's lips
And found them pale as Pain's.

The result was a severe and lingering illness, during which, to heal the solitude and suffering, he read considerably. Among the books of the day brought to his bedside was "The Temple" of George Herbert. In this he found his guide. It is impossible to accept the theory that Vaughan was altogether independent of Herbert. The facts of his life, and the circumstantial evidence of his poems, belie such a supposition. In truth, from henceforth Herbert became his model both in the conduct of his life as well as in his attempts in verse. It increases our interest if we also remember these verses

were indeed "sparks from the flint-stone;" they were composed during the short intervals of ease and quiet between the weary attacks of agonizing pain.

The value of his poetical work may best be estimated by comparing it with that of his contemporaries. The seventeenth century had brought to the front a race of poets, whose one aim was to be *conceitists*. They were disciples of the metaphysical school; they only wrote to try to say something new; they imitated neither the forms of nature nor of art, and nothing else but the tricks and subtleties of one another. Taken in a mass, their writings were the paragon of analysis but the caricature of sense. The tawdry flimsiness of their conceits, and the far-fetched subtlety of their labored allusions, give an air of unreality to their sublimest conceptions. One admires without understanding, for they seem to

lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of
mankind,

making witty remarks on the chances of this mortal life without the slightest emotion or feeling. Yet for all this they were mostly men of learning and good thinkers; some may say that it requires an intellectual chemist to recover the golden metal of their thought, for their chief emulation was to conceal the precious ore under a volubility of recollection and inquiry. As it was then their fashion to disregard both sublimity and pathos, so it became their manner to affect a singular defection of rhythm and a somewhat blunt sharpness in the expression of their periods. The power of presenting a picture to the mind by a well-balanced description seemed to have been lost. Levity of thought naturally produced levity in the use of language, and the free license with which Scriptural subjects and allusions were made to adorn the most trifling absurdities must have seemed indelicate even to the irreligious. It is hard to decide whether this school lays claim to recognition for the extravagance of its heterogeneity or for the ingenuity of its wit.

Though Henry Vaughan has much of the same extravagance which deforms the poetry of his contemporaries, he has also a far larger measure of grace, smoothness of transition, self-repression and continuity of thought. He shows signs of a natural vigor and freshness which are strange to the artificiality of his age. He is pedantic and wanting often in symmetry, but, like Christopher Smart in a later age, for short

moments he reaches heights where his custom-bound contemporaries never trod. The "Song to David" of Smart stands alone in the eighteenth century. There is nothing like Vaughan's "Beyond the Veil" in the seventeenth century. It has the breath of sincerity upon it; it has the simplicity and quiet which returned again to the English poets when Wordsworth gave voice to

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

In fact, Vaughan may be said to have been the predecessor of Wordsworth, the great high-priest of nature, in more ways than one. Vaughan was the child of nature. It was in the fresh morning walks over the Welsh hills that he found the Creator of the world speaking to him. That the soul within us,

Our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar,

was a truth which he proclaimed nearly two centuries before the famous ode was written. He seems to have studied alchemy not so much for its professional use as to gratify a desire to see into the hidden things of nature, to find a key to unlock the intentions of the first cause at the back of all things.

Something of the greater poet's mind was also in him when he took up his pen to write of the priesthood of children, the reverence, the sanctity, the far-sighted simplicity of the age of childhood. No poet's child had ever sweeter garland than this on its early grave.

Blest Infant-Bud whose blossom-life
Did only look about and fall,
Wearied out in a harmless strife
Of tears, and milk, the food of all !

Sweetly didst thou expire : thy soul
Flew home unstained by his new kin ;
For ere thou knewst how to be foul,
Death weaned thee from the world and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin-crums !
Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour comes
To dress them, and unsaddle death.

There is one quality which the student of his verse will soon perceive is not only alien to the literary characteristics of his time, but is even an advance beyond the homely powers of Wordsworth's rhythmical expression. Vaughan is essentially a lyrical poet; all the elements of his composition therefore are founded on one definite basis. He followed the passing

fashion along the pathway of analysis, but he only used this, as true poets should, as leading to the broad highway of subjective transformation. The materials obtained by the analysis of experience were resolved into the beauty and brilliance of another world of which the imagination alone was cognizant. In addition to this artistic quality, the truth and reality of his impressions are accentuated by the intensity of his personal feelings. If he were anything but a lyrical genius we should say that he only rhymes when his mind is in a particular mood; but as he is a lyrical singer and nothing else, the selection of his material is limited to the fluctuations of his own desires and his own aspirations. And so the value of his personality, his subjective way of looking at the tendencies of things will depend upon his mental insight and his method of combining the picturesque and the imaginative.

We have learnt in our time that there must be a natural connection between the power of rhythmical expression and the completeness of insight into the things of life. The more distinct the transformation of experience the more distinct should be the value of the poetical qualities. Therefore, though Vaughan had the same characteristics with the rest of the poetizers of his particular time, he was able to deal with subjects of his own order and to produce effects which his contemporaries could not. We are not surprised to find that he shows a knowledge of the delicate subtlety of a musical rhythm — to quote his own words : —

As angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our
wonted themes
And into glory peep.

The academical reputation of the courtier Herbert, and his biography in the leaves of the immortal Walton, have kept him a large niche in the temple of fame. Perhaps also Crashaw, whose verse flows with an evenness unknown at that time, and Sandys, who struck out an independent line of his own, may go down to posterity with larger wreaths around their brows than ever Vaughan will wear. But neither Herbert nor Crashaw nor Sandys ever deserted the sterility of their wonted themes; their thoughts never became transcendental; they knew not what it was to "peep into glory." For indeed, not in all the volumes of their quips and cranks will be found such a poetical com-

bination of the musical and the picturesque as in Vaughan's description of a fountain in the garden of "Regeneration:"—

Only a little fountain lent
Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent
The music of her tears.

There is more than a touch of broader thought and modern modes of speculation in the mysticism that comes to the surface again and again in the "Silex Scintillans." This resolves itself from a condition of mind almost relative to the half-doubting scepticism of so much of our modern philosophy; the great contrast of course being the fact that Vaughan was no doubter, but so intense a believer in the things eternal that the things temporal were actually *spectra*, things real to him, though supernatural—the very things which appear unreal to the microscope of modern scrutiny. What we have as psychology was hardly heard of then. It never invaded the realm of poetry except in the half-shadows of some mediæval legend, or in fuller light in the later developments of German romance. We dare hardly call Vaughan "a subtle-souled psychologist," but we dare say that he was one of our first psychical poets. He gives us the life of the soul in a world of dreams,—dreams of beauty, dreams of purity, dreams of holiness.

His sympathy with the feelings of later times, the childlike beauty of his inspirations and the intensity of his impassioned imagination take us to the songs of Blake to find their parallel. Between the sunset of Blake and the sunrise of Rossetti there is another interval, ere "the ways of sleep and dreams" again have poetic interpretation. In style, in form, in wealth of language he is inferior to the author of "The Blessed Damozel," but it is curious to compare the way in which the shadowy world has been realized and peopled by both, so similarly, yet from such different points of view. The Silurist in the silence of the Welsh hills looks through all the outward appearance to the hidden glory of one who made the earth and sky; this is the mysticism of faith. Rossetti is not troubled with morality. The Christ and the Mary give pretty legends, archaic forms whereof to treat amid the city's smoke and din; all the world is a dreamland with little tangible reality at the back of it. The one is spiritual, the other is material and sensuous. And yet they are alike in their mystic

mode of interpretation, their isolation from conventionality, their control of style, their imaginative vividness, their intense conception of the mystery of life. This is strange perhaps in an interval of two centuries, but a careful reading of Vaughan's poem entitled "The World" will show us something in the way of poetic material, something of self-reflection and esoteric contemplation, which were a new phenomena in a day when the flowers of exoteric culture were the only blooms thought worth a show. Herbert's criticism of the world is the criticism of personal application and knowledge, and his advice and counsel is for those who have to tread the beaten tracks of Vanity Fair. A few lines from Vaughan's view of life here and hereafter will serve to show that he trod on higher paths.

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days,
years,
Driven by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd.

The guiding spirit of Herbert is manifest in the "Silex Scintillans," especially in the first part. And yet there are many differences between the work of the master and that of the disciple, differences which practically set the disciple above the master. Herbert had been a man of the world, and the world, offering many bright baubles to him with one hand, had snatched them away ruthlessly with the other. He was not by this made a cynic, though he learnt the hard lesson that the things of the world pass away. He retired into the sanctity of a country parsonage and lived the life of an ascetic. Vaughan, on the other hand, had not had the terrible bitterness of seeing the golden day-dreams of his manhood fade away into the rough substance of stern reality. From his youth he seems to have known what to expect in a world of curious fate. He paid indeed heavily for the licentious folly of his youth, and we gather that he had to battle till the day of his death with the temptation of the flesh which had wrecked his constitution so early in life.

Then, further, Herbert was professionally religious; Vaughan was not. This is a fact that sufficiently accounts for the songs of the latter flowing at times with so much more ease. It is in this natural piety where we find Vaughan at his best; and at his best he has an intensity, a clearness and truth which far excel the

stilted sentiments of his master. Herbert is at times weak and halting. Like Icarus he tries to fly too high, and his strained attempt at some fine conceit lands him in the waters of failure. His finest thoughts are often dull and crabbed by their very ingenuity. The peculiar ingredient of spicy wit, without which no rhymster could serve up a dish dainty enough for the popular appetite, was his great *tour de force*. He very soon secured a large audience by the brilliant cleverness with which he grasped and made his own the popular versification of his time. He speaks, moreover, when a poet should—when the torrents and thunders of the valley have been left behind, when the heart and the reins have been tried, when the idle ore has been battered into shape and use; and alone in his perfect self-consciousness, with his soul as peaceful as the abysmal depth of the sea, he stands the image and mouthpiece of his God on the summit of the mount.

The work of Herbert is the work of a few years, the flowers that blossomed in the prime of life. Vaughan's writings are few and far between; they are the record of his doubts, his sorrows and struggles from his youth upwards,—“Singing prayer and prayer to the highest heavens.” He never strove to gain the ear of popularity; nor indeed was his poetry ever likely to be popular in any sense of the word. If the struggles of a poet's heart are stinging with sentiment and gaudy with the tinsels of sensation, the world will delight to turn its ear to listen. The agonies of a weak soul knocking at the door of some higher hope is too simple a theme in its very depth for the over-fed wisdom of the wise to listen to. It is a bird, they will say, that is ever singing on one note, and wearisome to hear.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has told us that in reading poetry we are apt to give way to the frequent temptation “to adopt the historic estimate, or the personal estimate, and to forget the real estimate; which latter, nevertheless, we must employ if we are to make poetry yield us its full benefit.” It may be natural for most of us to forget the real estimate; we prefer the personal one, and indeed that seems the one likely to attract those who take up the “*Silex Scintillans*” and endeavor to discover the value of Henry Vaughan's criticism of life.

He will strike the silent chords in the depths of the heart, and arrest the inquiry and humble attention of any who have had anything of a similar experience.

Here they will find thoughts that have baffled true expression, put into tender, speaking words. The sorrow of man is the keynote of the harmony; not the mere monotonous wail of Werterism, but the healthy, hopeful, strengthening appeal for patience and endurance which brings the truest comfort, “making the whole most musical.” The very curiousness with which he envelops the healing lessons of his didactic poetry is sufficient charm to attract attention.

So quaintly fashioned as to add a grace

To the sweet fancies which they bear,

Even as a bronze delved from some ancient place

For very rust shows fair.

From The Nineteenth Century.

GIVE BACK THE ELGIN MARBLES.

It is surely high time for us to think how and when the Elgin marbles are to be restored to the Acropolis. There they will have ultimately to rest; and the sooner, and the more gracefully it is done, the better. The ninety years which have passed since they left Athens have entirely changed the conditions and the facts. The reasons which were held to justify Lord Elgin in removing them, and the British government in receiving them, have one and all vanished. All those reasons now tell in favor of their being restored to their national and natural home. The protection of these unique monuments, the interests of students of art, pride in a national possession, and the *vis inertia* of leaving things alone all call aloud to us to replace on that immortal steep the sacred fragments where Pericles and Pheidias placed them more than two thousand years ago.

It is usual to say, that in the British Museum these priceless works are safe, whilst they would be exposed to danger in Athens; that in London the art students of the world can study them, whilst at Athens they would be buried out of sight; that the Elgin marbles are now become a “British interest” as completely as Domesday Book; that as they have belonged to the nation for seventy-four years, it is too late to talk about disturbing them now.

Every one of these assertions is a sophism, and the precise contrary is in every case true. They would be much more safe from the hand of man on the Acropolis than they possibly could be in London;

and whilst the climate and soot of Bloomsbury are slowly affecting their crumbling surface, the pure air of the Acropolis would preserve them longer by centuries. Athens is now a far more central archaeological school than London; and the art students of the world would gain immensely if the ornaments of the Parthenon could be seen again together and beneath the shadow of the Parthenon itself. The Parthenon marbles are to the Greek nation a thousand times more dear and more important than they ever can be to the English nation, which simply bought them. And what are the seventy-four years that these dismembered fragments have been in Bloomsbury when compared with the two thousand two hundred and forty years wherein they stood on the Acropolis?

The stock argument for retaining the marbles in London is that they are safe here, and nobody knows what might happen at Athens. In one sense, we trust they are safe in London; but they stand in the heart of a great city, and no man can absolutely say that the Museum might not be destroyed in some great fire in Bloomsbury. As to political or riotous commotions, they are no more to be dreaded in Athens than they are in London. Whilst Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome have been the scenes of fearful street battles within fifty years, there has been nothing of the kind at Athens since the establishment of the kingdom. And, even if there were, it is inconceivable that either a street fight or a fire could touch the Acropolis. One might as well say that a row in the Canongate at Edinburgh might destroy the colonnade on Calton Hill. Even a bombardment of the city of Athens would not touch the Acropolis, except with direct malice aforethought. It may be taken for certain that the Museum now standing on the summit of the Acropolis is a spot ideally protected by nature from any conceivable risk of fire, accidental injury, civil or foreign war. One can only wish that the contents of the Louvre, the National Gallery, and the Vatican were anything like as safe. And it so happens that this ideally safe spot for preserving priceless relics is the very spot where a glorious genius and a wonderful people placed them two thousand years ago.

Admit that the Elgin marbles are (humanly speaking) safe in Bloomsbury from any conceivable risk of fire or riot which is to admit a good deal — still it is certain that the climate of Bloomsbury is

far more injurious to them than the climate of the Acropolis. The climate of the Acropolis is certainly the very best for their preservation that Europe could afford; and the climate of Bloomsbury is certainly one of the worst. Every one knows that the marvellous Pentelic marble resists in the Attic air the effect of exposure for very long periods whilst its surface is intact. When the surface is gone and the cracks begin to pass deep into the substance, the deterioration of the marble goes on rapidly. Go to our Museum and observe the cruel scars that have eaten in parallel lines the breast and ribs of the River God (Ilissus). Night and day those scars are being subtly filled with London soot. It is no doubt true that the antique marbles are occasionally washed and cleaned. But at what a cost, and at what a risk!

Of course the man in Pall Mall or in the club armchair has his sneer ready: "Are you going to send all statues back to the spot where they were found?" That is all nonsense. The Elgin marbles stand upon a footing entirely different from all other statues. They are not statues; they are architectural parts of a unique building, the most famous in the world; a building still standing, though in a ruined state, which is the national symbol and palladium of a gallant people, and which is a place of pilgrimage to civilized mankind. When civilized man makes his pilgrimage to the Acropolis and passes through the Propylæa, he notes the exquisite shrine of *Nike Apteros*, with part of its frieze intact and the rest of the frieze filled up in plaster, *because the original is in London*. He goes on to the *Erechtheion*, and there he sees that one of the lovely Caryatides who support the cornice is a composition cast, *because the original is in London*. He goes on to the Parthenon, and there he marks the pediments which Lord Elgin wrecked and left a wreck stripped of their figures; he sees long bare slices of torn marble, whence the frieze was gutted out, and the sixteen holes where the two ambassadors wrenched out the Metopes. We English have wrung off and hold essential parts of a great national building, which bears wreckage on its mangled brow, and which, like *Oedipus at Colonus*, holds up to view the hollow orbs out of which we tore the very eyes of *Pheidias*.

When Lord Elgin committed this dreadful havoc, he may have honestly thought that he was preserving for mankind these precious relics. The Turks took no heed

of them, and the few Greeks could only mutter their feeble groan in silence. But everything is now changed. To the Greek nation now the ruins on the Acropolis are far more important and sacred than are any other national monuments to any other people. They formed the outward and visible sign of the national existence and re-birth. But for the glorious traditions of Athens, of which these pathetic ruins are the everlasting embodiment, Greece would never have attracted the sympathy of the civilized world and would not have been assisted to assert herself as a free State. At the foundation of it, Corinth, astride on both seas on her isthmus, had many superior claims as a capital. The existence of the Acropolis made any capital but Athens impossible, as it makes Greece herself incorporated on the base of her ancient glory.

Thus to free Greece the Acropolis is the great national symbol; more than the Forum and the Palatine are to Rome, more than the Duomo and the Palazzo Vecchio are to Florence, more than Notre Dame and the Louvre are to Paris, more than the Abbey, Westminster Hall, and the Tower are to London. Rome, Florence, Paris, London, have scores of historic monuments and national memorials; and they all have many other centuries of ancient history and many other phases of national achievement. Athens has only one; Greece is centred round Athens; and ancient Athens means the Acropolis and its surroundings.

We profess to be proud of our Tower and Abbey and our national monuments. To the patriotic Athenian of to-day the Acropolis represents Tower, Abbey, St. Stephen's, Westminster Hall, Domesday Book, Magna Carta, and all our historic memorials together. He has nothing else; and the sight day and night of that vast, lonely, towering mass of ruin, with its weird but silent message from the past, produces on the subtle imagination of a sensitive people an effect infinitely deeper than even our Abbey produces on a Londoner. And every morning and evening that the Athenian raises his eyes to his Abbey he sees the scars where, in a time of national humiliation, a rich Englishman wrenched off slices of the building to place in his collection at home. What would be the feelings of an Englishman if he saw the Abbey gutted within this century, and knew that the shrine of the Confessor, the tombs of the kings, the altar screen, the chair and sword, and the Purbeck columns from the transepts and the

Chapter House, had been carried off, during the occupation of the country by a foreign enemy, by an amateur with a fine taste for antiques, and a good nose for a bargain, to put into his "collection?" The case is far stronger than this; for the Elgin marbles are not statues, or tombs; they form indispensable parts of the most symmetrical building ever raised by man.

Naturally, the antiques found in Greece form a far more important interest to the whole nation than they can to a nation which has simply purchased or "conveyed" them. No people in the world are so intensely jealous of their national memorials as the Greeks of to-day. They form their claims to sympathy as a people, the symbol of their traditional past, their peculiar claim to a unique interest, and no doubt much of what Demetrius the silversmith and Alexander the coppersmith told their fellow citizens was the practical value of Diana of the Ephesians. At a moderate computation the ruins and the museums are worth 100,000*l.* a year to the Greek people. They have made stringent laws not only to keep every fragment of antiquity in the country, but to keep every fresh discovery in the very district and spot where it is found. We need not discuss the policy of this. A very strong government recently found it impossible to move the *Hermes* of Praxiteles from Olympia to Athens. And no doubt the ruins of Olympia are now worth a new railway to the modern inhabitants of Elis.

Greece is now quite full of museums. In Athens alone there are seven or eight, of which three are principal and distinct national collections. These, at any rate, are as suitable, as well kept, and as accessible as are the museums of any capital in the world. They are year by year, and almost month by month, increasing in value and importance. With excellent judgment the Greeks have resolved to form a special museum on the rock of the Acropolis, conveniently sunk in the south-eastern angle, in which is placed every fragment recovered, not *in situ*, from any building raised on the Acropolis itself. This museum, small as it is, is already to the art-student one of the most indispensable in existence. Here are the exquisite reliefs of *Nike*; here are all the detached fragments which have been recovered from the Parthenon, from pediments, metopes, and frieze; here too are the archaic figures from the temples destroyed by Xerxes before Salamis. The last feature alone places this little museum

in the front rank of the collections of the world for purposes of studying the history of art. For the history of glyptic art, the Acropolis has within the last twenty years become the natural rendezvous of the student. The Greeks, Germans, English, and French have founded special schools of archæology, and other nations have formed less formal centres of study. The result is that Athens is now become a school of archæology, far more important in itself, and far more international in character, than London is or ever can be.

By what right, except that of possession, do we continue to withhold from the students and pilgrims who flock to the Acropolis from all parts of the civilized world substantive portions of the unique building which they come to study, those decorations of it which lose half their artistic interest and their historic meaning when separated from it by four thousand miles of sea? The most casual amateur, as well as the mere tiro in art, can at once perceive how greatly the Pheidian sculptures gain when they can be seen in the Attic sunlight, alongside of the architectural frame for which they were made, and at least under the shadow of the building of which they form part. The ruined colonnades are necessary to explain the carvings; and the carvings give life and voice to the ruined colonnades. These demigods seem to pine and mope in the London murk; in their native sunlight the fragments seem to breathe again. On the Acropolis itself every fragment from Pheidias's brain seems as sacred and as venerable as if it were the very bones of a hero. In a London museum they are objects of curious interest like the Dodo or the Rosetta stone — most instructive and of intense interest — but they are not relics, such as make the spot whereon we stand sacred in our eyes, as do the tombs of the Edwards or the graves of the poets in our Abbey. In the British Museum the excellent directors, feeling how much the *genius loci* affects these Elgin marbles, have placed models, casts, and various devices to explain to the visitor the form of the Acropolis and the place of those carvings in the Parthenon. They try to bring the Acropolis into our Elgin room at Bloomsbury, instead of sending the contents of the Elgin room to the Acropolis! One might as well imagine that the tombs of the kings in our Abbey had been carried off to put in a museum in St. Petersburg, and that the Russian keeper of the antiquities had set up a model of the Abbey beside them, in order to give

the Muscovite public a faint sense of the *genius loci*.

It is enough to make the cheek of an honest Englishman burn when he first sees the ghastly rents which British (North British) taste tore out of this temple, and then passes into the humble museum below where the remnants are preserved. They are not so important as our Elgin trophies, but they are very important — beautiful, unique, and quite priceless. And then come long ranges of casts — *the originals in London* — and so the whole series is maimed and disfigured. In the case of at least one metope the Acropolis Museum possesses one half, the other half of which is in London. So that of a single group, the invention of a consummate genius, and the whole of which is extant, London shows half in marble and half in plaster cast, and the Acropolis shows the other half in marble and the rest in plaster. Surely it were but decent, if he honestly respect great art, that the original should be set up as a whole. But it seems that in the nineteenth century we show our profound veneration for a mighty genius by splitting one of his works into two and exhibiting the fragments severed at opposite corners of Europe, as mediæval monks thought their country's honor consisted in exhibiting here a leg and here an arm of some mythical patron saint.

No one in his senses would talk about *restoring* the Parthenon, and no one dreams of replacing the marbles in the pediments. What might be done is to replace the northern frieze of *Nike Apteros*, and restore the Caryatid to her sisters beneath the cornice of *Erechtheion*. The difference between the effect of the Pheidian fragments as seen in Bloomsbury and that of the Pheidian fragments as seen on the Acropolis is one that only ignorance and vulgarity could mistake. Who would care for the virgins, saints, and "Last Judgments" from the portals of Amiens, Reims, or Chartres, if they were stuck on pedestals and catalogued at Bloomsbury, with or without cork models of the cathedral?

The notion that the interests of art demand the retention of parts of a great building in a foreign country is a mere bit of British Philistinism and art gabble. The true interests of art demand that the fragments which time and man have spared of the most interesting building in the world should be seen together, seen in their native sky and under all the complex associations of that most hallowed spot. One might as well argue that the interests

of art would be served if Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" were stripped off the Sistine wall, cut up into square blocks, and hung in gold frames in Trafalgar Square.

It is idle now to reopen the story of the original plunder. British self-complacency has long been content with the old maxim — *feri non debuit, factum valet*. Happily the English name and our national literature has cleared itself of offence by a noble protest which will outlive the name both of Elgin and of Herostratus. Byron said not one word too much. But since the days of Byron and Lord Elgin everything has changed. Athens is now a city as regularly governed, as much frequented, and nearly as large as Florence or Venice. The Greek nation, small as it is, is as much entitled to honorable consideration as Holland, Belgium, Denmark, or Switzerland. The familiar sneers of Pall Mall and Fleet Street about Greek democracy and the Hellenic blood have nothing to do with the matter. Greece is now a friendly nation with a regular government. It has also within twenty years become a settled country, open to all men, and one of the great centres of art study for the civilized world. To Greece the Acropolis is more important than are Malta and Gibraltar to England. The question is how long this country, in an ignorant assumption of "the interests of art," will continue to inflict a wholly disproportionate humiliation on a small but sensitive and otherwise friendly people.

How the restoration could be managed it is not worth discussing here. Obviously by some kind of international treaty. The bulk of the Parthenon, of course, is now on the Acropolis. But London holds the most precious remnants from both pediments. Paris, it seems, has one of the south metopes, some fragments from the west pediment, and a small section of the east frieze. London has fifteen metopes, out of the original ninety-two. What remains of the rest are still *in situ*, or in the Acropolis Museum. London has the larger part of the south, north, and east frieze; the remainder is on the Acropolis, except a section at Paris. Happily the noble west frieze remains nearly perfect *in situ*. Thus the Acropolis now contains:—

(I) All that remains of the building itself.

(2) Some grand fragments from both pediments.

(3) All that remains of ninety-two metopes, except sixteen.

(4) About one-third of what exists of the frieze.*

The question is, how can all these sections be reunited on the Acropolis? Obviously by an international treaty, in which France, for reasons that need not be stated, would willingly join. She would be proud to lay down her petty fragments on the altar of Athene, for the pleasure of seeing Albion disgorge. The Greeks would accept any terms:—

Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur
Atridae.

It would not consist with our honor to make a paltry bargain. Let the thirty-five thousand pieces of silver (or was it gold?) that we paid to milord perish with him. We shall restore the Parthenon marbles much as we restored the Ionian Islands and Heligoland to their national owners, because we value the good name of England more than unjust plunder. If the barkers of Pall Mall and the opposition rags have to be quieted, let us give them to munch a commercial treaty. A little free trade with England would satisfy the growlers, and would do the Greeks permanent good. But let us have no higgling. Let us do the right thing with a free hand.

Is it too much to hope that such a treaty may be made by the Englishman whom the world knows as the lover of Homer, and whom the Hellenes of to-day always associate with their country and their hopes? He earned the gratitude of Greeks, the thanks of England, and the respect of honest men everywhere when he restored the western islands to their own countrymen. Let him earn a more enduring and touching gratitude by replacing on the sublime rock wherein centre so many of the memories of mankind those inimitable marbles which Pericles and Pheidias set up there in a supreme moment of the world's history. It is a cruel mockery, in the name of "high art," to leave them scattered about the galleries of Europe.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

* These proportions are stated roughly, for the general argument, and not with archaeological pretensions. I know that the archaeologists bark and growl at a lay interloper, like the street dogs of Constantinople at a strange cur.

From The Asiatic Quarterly Review.

LIFE AMONG THE DRUSES IN 1845 AND 1882.

I.

A TEN years' residence in the Lebanon, from '45 to '55, before its inhabitants had come into much contact with Europeans, and while they still preserved intact their own ways, gave me much insight into the home-life and customs of both Druses and Maronites, into which two great sections the inhabitants of the Lebanon are divided. There were to be found a few Mohammedan villages, and a sprinkling of Greek Christians here and there; but the two great factions, which had possessed themselves of the Lebanon, and kept it in a constant state of disorder and tumult, were, as has been said, these two. They were, at the time of which I speak, and are still to this day, always in a state of feud with each other; and their internal dissensions too often culminate in entire districts being laid waste, and whole villages burnt, on the path of the victorious party, sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other.

The Maronites, so named after their teacher and head, Mar Maroon, are descendants of the ancient inhabitants, who, being already Christians, submitted to the Roman Church at the first Crusade in the twelfth century. They never had much of a martial spirit, and in their battles with the Druses are generally beaten in almost every engagement, even though in point of numbers the advantage may be on their side, thus proving themselves far inferior both in courage and tactics. They live chiefly in the northern part of the Lebanon, from the Dog River, near Beyrout, to Tripoli, but are found also all over the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, with a few in the larger cities of Syria.

The Druses are the descendants of what were supposed to be the remnants of the old Canaanites, and are (so-called) Arabs, who took possession in 821 of the Metten, a part of Mount Lebanon which was then an empty waste, and which recommended itself to them as being most difficult of access to intruders.

They afterwards adopted the tenets of Hakim-bi-amr-illah (governor by the command of God), as taught by his adherent, Mohammed-ibn-Ismaïl-el-Darâzy, from whom they have taken their name of Druses.

To enter into the peculiar doctrines of their religion is not the object of this paper. Suffice it to say, that they are

strictly enjoined by it to assimilate themselves outwardly to whatever religion may be prevailing and victorious, and inwardly maintain a secret deadly hatred to its believers, with a firm grasp on their own tenets. Their places of worship are called *khalwât*, which means secluded, and are really secret and secluded houses, which are jealously guarded from all intrusion. What is done in the secrecy of those meetings has never come to light, as it would be certain death to any one who would dare to divulge it.

The Druse religion divides its adherents into two parts: the "U'kkâl," and the "Juhhâl," which, literally interpreted, means the wise or reasonable, from *a'kl*, reason, and the ignorant or foolish, from *jehl*, folly.

There are many degrees of initiation, and it is only those who have reached the highest degree that may know all the mysterious secrets of their religion; and these exact the most abject, unquestioning obedience from all others, and are looked up to with the greatest awe and reverence. A very few women are allowed to be enrolled among the ranks of the "initiated," in the lower degrees; but the cases are very rare indeed (though I was told that in isolated instances they did exist) that the higher degrees are permitted to them.

It is easy to distinguish the "U'kkâl," or initiated, from the "Juhhâl," or uninitiated. Everything about them betokens the burden of a mystery; and the higher they ascend in the scale of degrees in initiation, the more deeply imbued is the whole person, countenance, figure, and dress with the consciousness of a weight, a something to be kept secret at all hazards. From the moment they begin the coveted degrees, the whole person commences to undergo a change, which grows insidiously upon them.

The Druses, as a race, are of middle height, strong and well built, with fine, open countenances, full of fire and intelligence. I do not think I ever saw a particularly tall or stout person among them; but every movement of their lithe, wiry figures gives an impression of great energy and perseverance.

They often make strong professions of warm, undying friendship; but it needs only one glance into their restless, burning eyes to feel sure that they can be bitter foes, and are exceedingly suspicious of every one outside their own nation.

That they are of the same origin as the Bedouins of the desert, and of the de-

scendants of Ishmael, there can be no doubt; for the prediction delivered to Hagar in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis holds good of them in every particular to the present day. "And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."

The epithet of "lawless" or wild man outlawed, is truly applicable to, and often used of, the Druse; for, like the roving Bedouin, he cannot be made to submit to any laws or governments. When finding himself rendered amenable to justice and searched for by the myrmidons of the law, he can retire within the recesses of the Metten, or the fastnesses of the Lejja, where he bids defiance to, and laughs scornfully at, all efforts to retake him. His skill in evading and baffling all search for him is more than equal to that of the North American Indian. He finds shelter and concealment under every Druse roof he comes to, as well as food and assistance of every sort until he is safe in the Lejja; and he need not fear that the youngest child will babble of his secret.

And what is the Lejja, or refuge (for that is the meaning of the word in Arabic), where they can be so safe and bid defiance to all law?

It is indeed a singular spot, so impregnable by nature, that both roving Bedouins and lawless Druses are sure of perfect safety when once they have succeeded in taking refuge within its precincts. It is wholly inaccessible to trained troops of any sort, and is called Lejja by the Arabs apparently because it is a district enclosed by a rocky rampart, being a vast field of basalt, the long, black line of which at once attracts the eye of the traveller.

This was doubtless originally the land of giants or Rephaim, the special territory of Og, king of Bashan (Deut. iii. 3). To this day, the cities which lie scattered about there in great numbers, present features of interest in this respect, as bearing witness to the truth of Holy Scripture, for they are like the dwellings of a race of giants, which for that very reason have stood till now, though utterly deserted.

The walls are very generally from five to eight feet thick, built of large, square blocks of basalt; the roofs of the same material, hewn like planks, and reaching from wall to wall. The very doors and window-shutters are of stone hung upon pivots.

In some of the towns, there are perhaps five hundred such houses. Some of the

rooms are so large and lofty that they would be considered fine rooms even in an European palace.

The ancient capital was called Edrei, and is now called Edra'a, which means "strong arm." The ruins extend along the summit of a ledge of rocks which cannot be ascended, save by a winding path like a goat track.

It is a strange situation. In selecting it, everything has been sacrificed to strength and security, for there is no stream of water and no verdure here, and the rocks are wild. Huge masses of masonry lie scattered up and down, over a space three miles in circumference, being remains of towers, temples, and mosques, all of black basalt. The rugged and intricate defile that leads to it, protects to this day from any danger all those who take refuge in it.

It is of no use to long for a peep into the past of this wonderful place. History, that is Bible history, tells us the little we know about it, and particularly gives us the dimensions of the bedstead of Og, king of Bashan, as of a thing fabulous in itself and worthy of preservation (Deut. iii. 11). Its warriors must have been on the same scale, heroes of no common order; and their mothers and sweethearts, sisters and wives were no doubt worthy of them. In the days of Abraham it was probably in its zenith of glory. Now it contains only cities of the dead; but the plain around is amazingly fertile.

The goddess Ashtaroth, or Astarte was worshipped here — Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent moon. A figure of this goddess is found at one of these cities; a large, colossal face with a crescent and rays shooting upwards looking like horns, on account of which this town is supposed to be the ancient "Karnain," as the word Karnain in Arabic means two horns. Westward from it is Kunawât, on sloping ground above a deep ravine. It was built on the top of a cliff; the walls still exist to a great extent, following the cliff in a zigzag direction. Here are found palaces and theatres and temples and churches, all in ruins; and in the glen below, and on the wooded sides of neighboring hills, clusters of columns and lofty tombs and also massive towers. The leading streets of the city can be traced wide and regular. But want of space forbids further description. At present the silence of the grave reigns around; and the rough, untutored Bedouin, who never dreams of sleeping on a bedstead as was done thousands of years ago in the days

of Og, king of Bashan, and the lawless Druse, who is content with the earth for his bed and a stone for his pillow, and his own 'abba (long jacket of camel's hair) for his only covering, are the only occupants; and there, with success, these can and do bid defiance to all armies of trained soldiers sent to coerce them to the requirements of civilization.

The Druse acknowledges no laws but those that emanate from his own khalwât, and are secretly made known to him by his own superiors. A blind, reverential awe and absolute, unquestioning obedience towards his superiors in religion, are instilled into him with his mother's milk, and that is the mainspring of all his actions. To be a Druse is his pride — his boast. Ask a lithe, strapping fellow not yet in his teens, or a graceful little maiden of the same age, as to their nationality, and the proud flash of the dark, limpid brown eyes, heavily curtained and fringed by long, curling black eyelashes, and the haughty straightening of the figure, and throwing back of the well-formed head, bear witness to the pride with which the words, "I am a Druse," escape the smiling, ruby lips.

The bump of reticence is developed among them to a wonderful degree; not even the youngest will divulge anything respecting any one of their own people to a stranger. The saying, so common in many lands, "as talkative as an old woman," finds here no foothold; for the old women are invariably silent before strangers.

There seems to be an innate suspiciousness of all other human beings wrought into their inmost nature. Should a stranger be seen approaching any of their khalwât, spies are immediately set to watch him in the distance, although their holy place may be, for the time being, untenanted and closed; and if it should happen to be at an hour when a secret conclave is held, the life of that stranger is not safe until he leaves far behind him that low-roofed, whitewashed building, which looks outwardly more like a prison cell than a place of religious worship.

Their religious books — and, at the time I speak of, they had no others — are in manuscript, and are consequently very rare. The Druses will not have them printed, and are exceedingly jealous of and determined to prevent, if possible, their getting into the hands of any but their own "U'kkâls." Information once reached them that a small copy of one of these books was known to be in the library

of a gentleman who was an alien to their religion. Emissary after emissary was sent to get hold of it; and every means was resorted to, to wile it away in some fashion, even by stealth if possible. All efforts having proved useless, advantage was taken of one of the usual disturbances in the Lebanon, between Druses and Maronites. Fire was set to the house, and that library actually burnt down to the ground, as the only means and last resource by which they could get their book out of the possession of aliens, although the proprietor of it had been a devoted friend and benefactor to them, and a constant and welcome guest when they were in sickness and pain.

Having given this short account of their religion, I will pass on to their home life.

Their houses are built of a conglomeration of mud, stones, and sticks. After the walls have become sufficiently dry, the ceiling is made by laying across, from one wall to another, poplar-trees which have barely had the branches lopped off, and are of unequal sizes. There is no attempt at planing them. The interstices between these trees is more than equal to them. Two or three layers of bushes are then laid over, and earth well pressed in upon them. Serpents, scorpions, lizards, rats, and mice, as well as smaller vermin, infest these ceilings and the cavities around the door-posts; and if an unwary hand is placed unwittingly upon a scorpion or centipede basking lazily in the sun, which, being of the self-same color as the mud walls and wooden posts, is totally unseen, a shriek of agony alone discovers the fact. Otherwise none of these creatures go out of their way to harm any one.

I myself have had a serpent drop upon me as I was crossing a room. It fell in the shape of a ball; and having a large ball of yarn on my arm with which I was knitting, I simply thought that it was my ball that had fallen. A moment's glance soon satisfied me that my ball was securely resting in the hollow of my elbow, and wondering what round object it was, the heavy weight of which I could plainly feel dragging down the train of my dress, I bent down to inspect it closely, when lo and behold! to my astonishment, and before my wondering eyes, the ball slowly but surely unrolled itself into a serpent of several feet in length, which glided away peacefully and hid itself in one of the many holes sunk into the mud floor. This happened at a late hour of the night, when alone in my bedroom; and, though somewhat startled, I thought it hardly

worth while to disturb any one. The result justified my confidence, for I slept wholly undisturbed by my unwelcome visitor. A pair of serpents gambolling playfully together in the thatch above the door, is not an unfrequent sight on a sunny day after heavy rain.

About eighteen inches from the floor and the same distance from the wall is a partition of mud and sticks, divided into compartments, each of which has a hole large enough to put in the hand down at its base, and another twice as large at the top, which is also about eighteen inches from the ceiling.

These compartments fill two sides of the house, and are used for storing their wheat, barley, maize, rice, lentils, etc., for the winter. The third side is occupied by a *yook*, flanked by a cupboard on each side of it. The doors of these cupboards, although of sticks and mud, have some attempt at decoration in the shape of bits of looking-glass, hands with wide-spread fingers to avert the evil eye, bits of brightly-colored, highly glazed crockery, camels' teeth, glass beads, etc., stuck here and there in the mud. The *yook* is a recess eighteen inches from the floor, and about the same width from the wall, in which all the mattresses, sheets, pillows, and *lehds* required for the family use are neatly folded and laid away early in the morning. A curtain hangs before it. At night they are taken out and the beds made up on the mats with which the floor is covered.

A small mud fireplace is raised in the centre of the room, and from it to the door is a partition, all within which is considered the women's private apartment. If there are married sons, there will be a portion partitioned off for each; but no doors of any kind to shut these partitions off from one another, can be found in any house.

All the mud work is done by the females, and is more or less repaired every year. For this purpose they dig out of the sides of the mountains a peculiar kind of bluish earth, which they mix with chopped straw and cow's dung. Of course these floors are a perfect hot-bed for fleas; and every good housewife, on making up the beds for the night, takes good care to put a piece of raw cotton within the sheets, under the impression that it will entrap the fleas before the owner of the bed comes to take possession of it, at which time it (the cotton) is taken out and burnt.

The quarries formed in procuring the earth are very dangerous, being dug in the sloping sides of the mountains, which

when loosened by rain, having no props of any sort, are very apt to slide down upon the workers, and engulf them; one or more being dead before the needed help arrives, and they can be dug out, as the quarries are always at some distance from the villages.

It is a sound never to be forgotten — that which announces such a disaster — that of the piercing shrieks and cries for help raised by those who stand outside the quarry that has collapsed; and the whole village seems paralyzed at the first note of it. The men rush from their fields and workshops, breathless, silent, and with compressed lips.

The young mothers catch up their little ones and put them astride on their shoulders, the elderly women throwing down the jars they were filling or the brooms they were using — all fly towards the site of the fearful catastrophe in breathless haste, for none know upon whose family the blow may have fallen. The young girls generally go in large numbers to these digging parties, and leave their homes before the morning light, to avoid the heat of the day. I have heard their merry laughter in the darkness of the early dawn, and heard again within a few hours the slow, heavy tramp of the bearers, as they carried the cold, mutilated forms — the disfigured remains — to the homes they had left but a short time before in all the flush of youth and health. Yet, strange to say, still the same thing is repeated year after year, and no precautions are taken to prevent it.

Both men and women wear a coarse, strong linen stuff, woven by themselves. The portion used for the outer garment is dyed a navy blue, also by themselves. The younger portion of the community, both boys and girls, use round silver buttons for the vests of the former and the dresses or *gombaz* of the latter. Young married women also wear rings, bracelets, chains, with amulets and anklets of silver. The latter are especially so constructed that they tinkle as the wearer walks, or, as the Bible has it (Isa. iii. 16), "make a tinkling with their feet."

At the time I speak of, the Druse women wore a very peculiar headdress called the *tantoor*, consisting of a horn made of some kind of metal. The rich had them of silver, and sometimes even of gold, set in front with precious stones, and measuring in some instances two feet in length. The ordinary length was one foot, or a little over. Some had them of brass, and the very poorer ones of tin. They are

tied on their heads with three cords of black silk or cotton, and these cords are braided with their hair, of which they wear one tress on each side of the face and one at the back of the head. The two tresses on each side of the face were tied together tightly under the chin. A large muslin veil, covering the back, was brought over the top of the horn down as far as where it was set with precious stones; and then, as it neared the face, the edges on both sides were caught in between the cheeks and the braided hair. The strain on the hair must have been enormous, and the weight of the horn and veil together very painful. I have often been told by them that it caused a great deal of pain in many ways, giving them severe headaches, and making the hair to fall; but it was the fashion, and considered to give elegance to the figure, which in my opinion they certainly did not need, for in many years' residence among them, I do not think I ever saw a woman whose figure was not naturally elegant, or whose movements were not graceful. This is saying a great deal, seeing that they had to wear this horn, or *tantoor*, by night as well as by day.

I have heard, since the time of which I have been speaking, that the government in the Lebanon has interdicted the use of the tantoor, but that the Druse women, instead of being thankful, were so far inclined to rebel that severe measures had to be taken to prevent the continued use of it.

In the presence of a strange man, whether Druse or other, Druse women always draw one side of the veil over their faces, only allowing one eye to appear. Men, both Moslems and Druses, have repeatedly told me that they look upon a woman who leaves her face uncovered, as not only wanting in self-respect, but also in proper respect to *them*; in fact, they considered it an insult to men, and for this reason insisted upon the women covering their faces.

To be wanting in courage,—not to be able to suffer and make no sign,—is scouted as a disgraceful weakness not worthy of a Druse. I remember an incident which took place in Jedeydah, in a family where I was staying at the time. The son of the host, a fine boy of about seventeen, had injured his leg very severely. Mortification set in. The only chance of life lay in amputation of the limb. This, of itself, was a dreadful blow; for to a young man among the Druses, to be able to pursue a horse galloping at full

speed and to overtake and mount him without causing him to stop for a single moment in his wild career (as I have myself often seen done) is the acme of pride and delight. Minus a leg, poor young Kásim could no longer enjoy this; and in bitterness of heart he turned his face to the wall that none should see the despair written upon it. When the time came for the amputation to take place, he gave orders that every one must leave the house, and go a quarter of an hour's distance away. This was done lest any one should be able to say that they had heard him giving vent to expressions of suffering. He was left with his father, the surgeon, and one faithful servant. What happened then I heard from the surgeon's own mouth. As soon as the operation commenced, the boy began to sing war songs and the songs of Antár. He never flinched for a single moment; and the only way they knew that he was suffering more at certain times than at others, was that at those times his voice would ring more proudly and thrillingly in his notes. All present had their eyes filled with tears at his endurance; but the falcon glance of his eye never quailed once.

When a bride is brought home to her husband's house, she sits, carefully veiled, on a horse, riding astride, as all women in the East do, and with a drawn sword between her hands, to denote that she is to be the wife of a warrior.

The Druses do not indulge in a plurality of wives, like the Moslems. They have but one at a time; but divorces are frequent.

Marriages take place principally between first cousins on the father's side. A father disposes of his daughter as he pleases, and no law or government can interfere or shield her from any whim or caprice, however cruel. If the father is dead, the eldest brother takes his place; if neither father nor brothers exist, the first cousin or the nearest male relation by the father's side. The relations by the mother's side are legally of no kin, and hold no authority whatever. In speaking to, or of, his wife, a man will say "Bint-u'mmee," daughter of my father's brother, and, *vice versa*, a woman in speaking to, or of, her husband, will say, "Ibn-u'mmee," son of my father's brother.

The men are industrious, courageous, and enterprising. The women are excellent housekeepers, and devoted wives and mothers. In the fights that often take place, either with the local government or the Maronites, it is the shrill *saghareet*

(a peculiar noise that they make) of the women that give the intimation far and near, and call the men together from the more distant villages and hilltops. On the battlefield their presence cheers and encourages the men. They bring jars of cool water from the spring for the thirsty and bandages for the wounded, load the guns for the men, and stand in front of them, while the guns rest on their shoulders for the men to take sure aim. A Druse woman laughs at danger. She follows the men of her people into the thickest of it, and shows less mercy to an enemy that falls into her hands.

Druse men bear the character of being chivalrous towards women, even among their foes, and never willingly injure one; but to the men they are implacable foes, and do not know the meaning of the word mercy as regards them. To each other, their religion binds them to be strictly faithful and loyal, even to the death if necessary; and this trait is a part of their very being, whether they be men or women, old or young.

Should any scandal be discovered among them, or any treachery, the man or the woman who has caused it is quietly, yet surely, made away with in the dead of night, the offender's own nearest relations taking the lead. The strictest silence is preserved on the subject, and no hint or inkling of the matter is allowed to leak out to any alien. Should any inquiries be made about the missing one, a plausible excuse is readily found to account for his or her absence.

A strong bond of union exists between the common people and their sheikhs. Private messengers go swiftly from village to village on foot, travelling day and night; and thus a constant but secret communication is kept up among all ranks. The outer world, their very neighbors at their doors, see nothing, hear nothing, and suspect nothing.

In the case of a great event taking place in a sheikh's family, such as the death of one of its members, or the birth of a son, or a marriage, deputations are sent from every village. Immediately upon the arrival of the messenger, word is sent to each family. The women at once set about preparing provisions for the deputation to take with them. Sheep and goats are killed, and cooked with rice, or maize, or lentils. Large quantities of bread are baked in the *tannoor* (native oven). The *u'kkáls* make out a list of men and women who form the deputation. All don their best robes. The *u'kkál*

puts on his whitest turban and his newest 'abba. The women draw the *kohl* reed through their eyelashes, and put on, not only their own, but all the borrowed jewellery they can get. They set out on foot, travelling all night, so arranging matters that they shall arrive as soon after the dawn as possible. The women carry on their heads, in very large round pans of light wood, the food that has been prepared.

As they draw near to their destination, the men break out in war-songs, to which the women add a chorus of "Zaghareet." If the occasion is a joyful one, young men accompany the party on their little Arabian steeds, and enter the large *meedán*, which exists before every sheikh's house, carolling and prancing, and throwing the jereed, and showing off such dexterous feats of horsemanship as would make the fortune of a circus manager. The length of time that a deputation remains at the sheikh's village is from one to eight days, according to the importance of the occasion.

From The Spectator.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE first report of the Royal Commission which was appointed in the spring to inquire into the want of space in Westminster Abbey for further interments and monuments, is exhaustive so far as regards evidence. The dean has given the history of past burials, the clerk of the works has stated what grounds remain for future burials. The Archbishop of Canterbury has defined the general conditions to which any annex to the Abbey should conform, and several architects have presented plans and suggestions for the erection of such an annex. It is no business of ours to pronounce an opinion upon these last. To do so would be to anticipate the final report of the Royal Commission. It will be enough if we inquire whether any need has been shown for the erection of an additional building, and by what general considerations those who build it should be governed. As regards the need, it has to do with the monuments rather than with the actual interments. Mr. Wright's evidence seems to show that at the present rate, we might go on burying for another century without completely exhausting the remaining available space. Had the present practice of limiting the right of interment to eminent persons been adopted even no further back

than 1800, this period might have been nearly doubled. It is hard to explain the reckless waste of space which went on side by side with a growing tendency to regard the Abbey as the appropriate resting-place of illustrious Englishmen. In one and the same year, for example, the burials in the Abbey included Pitt and Fox, a prebendary, and the infant son of the chapter clerk. In the cloisters, which but for this would have supplied a valuable addition to the space in the Abbey itself, things were still worse. In the first twenty years of the present century, there were a hundred and seven persons buried there, and of these not more than half-a-dozen were so much as connected with the capitular body. The result of this indiscriminate burial is, that the cloisters are full. The one green space surrounded by the cloisters, which Mr. Knowles has suggested as available for future burials, has not been used for that purpose for six hundred years. But at that date it seems to have been full of bodies, and any excavation disturbs the bones that still remain. This, to our minds, disposes of Mr. Knowles's proposal. It is a fatal objection to a place of burial that every foot of the ground has already been used for the same purpose. Whatever title the remains of the dead have to reverent treatment, is not invalidated by mere lapse of time. Still, there is no need to take thought for the twenty-first century, and if we can bury the great dead in the Abbey for a hundred years more, we may be content.

At least, we might be content if burial were all that we had to think of. But as a public honor, Westminster Abbey means more than burial. It means a monument, and for monuments, the Dean of Westminster tells us, "there is almost no space." The Abbey is already full of them, greatly, in many cases, to its disfigurement. There are two ways, indeed, in which this objection might be got over. The worst of the existing monuments might be removed, and the space they occupy filled with something better, or future monuments might be limited to a single kind—in itself one of the most beautiful—memorial brasses. But the first of these plans is open to objections proper to itself as to one which is common to the two. We agree with Mr. Somers Clarke, that the fact that a monument is there is a sufficient reason for not disturbing it. Be it bad or good, it has a historical value. It speaks from the time when it was put up, and little as we may care for full-bottomed wigs or feeble classicalities in stone, they

represent the taste, and consequently in part the history, of a period. England would not be what she is if the eighteenth century, or the first twenty years of the nineteenth, were wiped out of recollection, and to remove the monuments of those twenty years is so far to wipe them out of recollection. Further, we cannot restore the Abbey to the state it was in when those monuments were put up. The walls, alike of nave, choir, and transepts, had originally very beautiful arcading, which has been barbarously cut away to make room for monuments. Remove the monuments, and there will be either a scar or a piece of imitation sculpture. Either way, the historical character of the building is injured. Instead of representing the taste of successive generations, it would represent the taste of a single generation, and that a generation which differs from all the rest in not knowing its own mind, or being certain what it likes. The suggestion of memorial brasses is free from these drawbacks, but it shares to the full another. A monument to a person buried in a church ought to be close to the place of burial. It would be eminently unsatisfactory to the visitor who comes to see the tomb of a great man, to be told that the man himself lies in quite another part of the church; whereas the monument he is looking at covers the dust of quite a different person. To make monuments really valuable, they must do what they profess to do,—keep alive the memory of those who are buried underneath them.

Except, therefore, in those rare cases in which the honor of burial in Westminster Abbey is enough without any record of the fact in the immediate neighborhood, some kind of additional building is really needed. And here the evidence of the Archbishop of Canterbury is exceedingly valuable. He begins with the very true observation that we should first understand clearly what it is we want. Is the new Westminster Abbey to be a civil or an ecclesiastical building,—a church or a pantheon? If the former, it cannot be too closely united with the existing building; if the latter, it ought to be distinctly separate from it. Though the two buildings would have a common use, they would express quite different ideas. In France or Italy, it might be a question which of these two ideas should be chosen. But in England it is not so. Those who wish to lie in Westminster Abbey, wish it in part because it is a church. They would not be equally anxious to be buried

in Westminster Hall. What is wanted, therefore, is a building which shall be as much a church as the Abbey, and yet be something neither distinct from nor inferior to the Abbey. Consequently, the addition must be part of the same consecrated building. The new chapel should not be simply a receptacle for monuments for which there is no room in the Abbey, but a genuine extension of the Abbey, partaking of the same sacred character, and available from time to time for the same sacred purpose. In fact, it should stand in the same relation to the Abbey as that in which Henry VII.'s Chapel stands. The archbishop then criticises from this point of view two of the suggested sites for the new building. The "wreath of chapels" round the Chapter-House he rejects on the ground that the Chapter-House is the civil or secular part of the Abbey, and that to make chapels open into a place of business would be to sacrifice the idea of a church. The refectory, which lies to the south of the cloisters, he thinks a bad site for the same reason. The idea of a church, indeed, is not sacrificed, as in the former case, but the identity of the church is. The cloisters would be interposed between the Abbey and the new chapel; and, unless the character of the cloisters were altered, any two buildings so placed would be distinct and separate from one another. This argument, if it is accepted as conclusive, leaves two sites between which the choice would lie, — the north side of the nave, and the east side of the Chapter-House. To the former, the archbishop objects, we think with justice, that it would block out the one clear view of the Abbey that can be obtained from the street. The latter might be utilized in more ways than one; but into this question we shall not enter.

One wish, however, we may be permitted to express. It is that the commission or committee, or whatever the authority may be which has charge of the matter, shall content themselves with choosing the site and the architect, and not attempt to choose the design. If they pick out the man who, from his previous work and present reputation, they think best qualified to build a worthy addition to the great Abbey, they will have done the utmost that a committee of amateurs can hope to accomplish. If they essay anything more, one of two results will almost certainly follow. Either the design will be modified to meet this and that criticism, so that in the end all its distinctive character will be lost, or the choice will have to be postponed,

as the decoration of St. Paul's has been postponed, to a future which seems never to come any nearer. If the architect is left unfettered, we shall at least get the best he can give us, and if he is chosen wisely, that means the best that lies within our reach.

From The Speaker.

THE CAROL.

AN ECLOGUE.

I WAS sixteen that Christmas; all Ver-yan parish knows the date of the famous "black winter," when the Johann brig came ashore on Kibberick beach, with a dozen foreigners frozen stiff on her fore-top, and Lawyer Job, up at Ruan, lost all his lambs but two. There was neither rhyme nor wit in the season; and up to St. Thomas's eve, when it first started to freeze, the folk were thinking that summer meant to run straight into spring. I mind the ash being in leaf on Advent Sunday, and a crowd of martins skimming round the church windows during sermon time. Each morning brought blue sky, warm mists, and a dew that hung on the brambles till near noon. The frogs were spawning in the pools; primroses were out by scores and monthly roses blooming still; and master shot a goat-sucker on the last day in November. All this puzzled the sheep, I suppose, and gave them a notion that their time, too, was at hand. At any rate the lambs fell early; and when they fell, it had turned to perishing cold.

That Christmas eve, while the singers were up at the house and the fiddles going like mad, it was a dismal time for two of us. Laban Pascoe, the hind, spent his night in the upper field where the sheep lay, while I spent mine in the chall * looking after Molly, our Guernsey, that had slipped her calf in the afternoon — being promised the casling's skin for a Sunday waistcoat, if I took care of the mother. Bating the cold air that came under the door, I kept pretty cosy, what with the hay-bands round my legs and the warm breath of the cows; for we kept five. There was no wind outside, but moonlight and a still, frozen sky, like a sounding-board; so that every note of the music reached me, with the bleat of Laban's sheep far up the hill and the waves' wash on the beaches below. Inside the chall the only sounds were the slow chewing of

* Cow-house.

the cows, the rattle of a tethering-block, now and then, or a moan from Molly. Twice the uproar from the house coaxed me to the door to have a look at Laban's scarlet lantern moving above, and make sure that he was worse off than I. But mostly I lay still on my straw in the one empty stall, staring into the foggy face of my own lantern, thinking of the waistcoat, and listening.

I was dozing, belike, when a light tap on the door made me start up, rubbing my eyes.

"Merry Christmas, Dick!"

A little head, bright with tumbled curls, was thrust in, and a pair of round eyes stared round the chail, then back to me, and rested on my face.

"Merry Christmas, little mistress."

"Dick, — if you tell, I'll never speak to you again. I only wanted to see if 'twas true."

She stepped inside the chail, shutting the door behind her. Under one arm she hugged a big boy doll, dressed like a sailor, — from the Christmas tree, I guessed, — and a bright tinsel star was pinned on the shoulder of her bodice. She had come across the cold town-place in her muslin frock, with no covering for her shoulders; and the manner in which that frock was hitched upon her made me stare.

"I got out of bed again and dressed myself," she explained. "Nurse is in the kitchen, dancing with the young man from Pen-rare who can't afford to marry her for ever so long, father says. I saw them twirling, as I slipped out —"

"You have done a wrong thing," said I; "you might catch your death."

Her lip fell; she was but fourteen. "Dick, I only wanted to see if 'twas true."

"What?" I asked, covering her shoulders with the empty sack that had been my pillow.

"Why, that the cows pray on Christmas eve. Nurse says that at twelve o'clock to-night all the cows in their stalls will be on their knees, if only somebody is there to see. So, as it's near twelve by the tall clock indoors, I've come to see," she wound up.

"It's quig-nogs, I expect. I never heard of it."

"Nurse says they kneel and make a cruel moan, like Christian creatures. It's because Christ was born in a stable, and so the cows know all about it. Listen to Molly! Dick, she's going to begin!"

But Molly having heaved her moan, merely shuddered and was still again.

"Just fancy, Dick," the little one went on, "it happened in a chail like ours!" She was quiet for a moment, her eyes fixed on the glossy rumps of the cows. Then, turning quickly, "I know about it, and I'll show you. Dick, you must be St. Joseph, and I'll be the Virgin Mary. Wait a bit —"

God forgive me if I wanted to laugh! Her quick fingers began to undress the sailor doll and fold his clothes carefully. "I *meant* to christen him Robinson Crusoe," she explained, as she laid the small garments, one by one, on the straw; "but he can't be Robinson Crusoe till I've dressed him again properly." The doll was stark naked now, with waxen face and shoulders and bulging bags of sawdust for body and legs.

"Dick," she said, folding the doll in her arms and kissing it, — "St. Joseph, I mean — the first thing we've got to do is to let people know he's born. Sing that carol I heard you trying over last week — the one that says 'Far and far I carry it,'"

So I sang, while she rocked the babe: —

Naked boy, brown boy,
In the snow deep,
Piping, carolling
Folks out of sleep;
Little shoes, thin shoes,
Shoes so wet and worn —
But I bring the merry news
— Christ is born!

Rise, pretty mistress,
In your smock of silk;
Give me for my good news
Bread and new milk.
Joy, joy in Jewry,
This very morn!
Far and far I carry it
— Christ is born!

She heard me gravely to the end; then pulling a handful of straw, spread it in the empty manger and laid the doll there. No, I forget; one moment she held it close to her breast and looked down on it. The God who fashions children can tell where she learnt that look, and why I remembered it ten years later, when they let me look into the room where she lay with another babe in her clay-cold arms.

"Count forty," she went on, using the very words of Pretty Tommy, our parish clerk; "count forty and let fly with 'Now draw around —'"

Now draw around, good Christian men,
And rest you worshiping —

We sang the carol softly together, she

resting one hand on the edge of the manger.

"And now there's nothing to do but sit down and wait for the wise men and the shepherds."

It was a little while that she watched, being long over-tired. The warm air of the hall weighed on her eyelids; and, as they closed, her head sank on my shoulder. For ten minutes I sat, listening to her breathing. Molly rose heavily from her bed and lay down again, with a long sigh; another cow woke up and rattled her rope a dozen times through its ring; up at the house the fiddling grew more furious; but the little maid slept on. At last I wrapped the sack closely round her, and lifting her in my arms, carried her out into the night. She was my master's daughter, and I had not the courage to kiss so much as her hair. Yet I had no envy for the dancers, then.

As we passed into the cold air she stirred.

"Dick, did they come? And where are you carrying me?" Then, when I told her, "Dick, I will never speak to you again, if you don't carry me first to the gate of the upper field."

So I carried her to the gate, and sitting up in my arms she called twice, —

"Laban — Laban!"

"What cheer — O?" the hind called back. His lantern was a spark on the hillside, and he could not tell the voice at that distance.

"Have you seen him?"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"The angel of the Lo-o-ord!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"I'm afraid we can't make him understand," she whispered. "Hush; don't shout!" For a moment, she seemed to consider; and then her shrill treble quavered out on the frosty air, my own deeper voice taking up the second line, —

The first "Nowell" the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds, in fields as
they lay, —

In fields as they lay, a-tending their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep —

Nowell! Nowell!

Christ is born in Israel!

Our voices followed our shadows across the gate and far up the field, where Laban's sheep lay dotted. What Laban thought of it I cannot tell; but to me it seemed, for the moment, that the shepherd among his ewes, the dancers within the house, the sea beneath us, and the stars in

their courses overhead moved all to one tune, — the carol of two children on the hillside.

Q.

From The Leisure Hour.

METEORITIC THEORIES.

MR. NORMAN LOCKYER'S newly propounded and brilliantly reasoned "meteoritic" theory of the constitution of the heavenly bodies has at length been challenged by Dr. Huggins. Mr. Lockyer, it will be remembered, argues that the nebulae, the comets, and nearly all the stars are really aggregations of meteorites, whose collisions make them luminous. Dr. Huggins enjoys a world-wide reputation as the co-founder, with the late Father Secchi, of the science of stellar spectroscopy; and he is also the author of the more orthodox view of the simply gaseous constitution of the nebulae, which Mr. Lockyer's researches tend to contravene. In a brief letter published in June, on "The Spectrum of the Nebulae," Dr. Huggins announces a very important corroboration of his own view. The astronomers at the now famous Lick observatory at Mount Hamilton, in California, report that they have discovered in the nebula Σ 5 that which Dr. Huggins himself had asserted of the great nebula in Orion — namely, that the chief line seen in the spectroscopy is not due to the substance which Mr. Lockyer so commonly finds in the spectra of meteorites — viz., magnesium, or its oxide. Dr. Huggins is content at present with this negation of Mr. Lockyer's position. He does not undertake to say what constituent of the nebula the line in question really represents; he simply adds the pregnant words: "The views we have to take of the nebulae and of their relationship to the other heavenly bodies depend very greatly upon the coincidence or otherwise of the chief nebula line with the magnesium band." The alleged coincidence, it must be remembered, is the largest postulate of Mr. Lockyer's meteoritic theory.

In order to appreciate a question so grand in its scope, probing, as it does, some of the most hidden secrets of the great cosmical laboratories of the distant heavens, we shall do well to recall a few facts antecedent to the immediate inquiry. We have to bear in mind not only the astounding discoveries of the spectroscopy in stellar chemistry, through which we learn the kind of fuel which is glowing

* For this article see Nineteen

in the most distant of the stars, but also the progress which had been made in the earlier investigation of the nebulae when that inquiry passed from the hands of Sir William Herschel into those of Dr. Huggins. Herschel, the greatest of modern astronomers, and, indeed, the founder of sidereal astronomy, was the first to make the nebulae a serious study.* The view now so commonly accepted, that these mysterious-looking objects are huge gas-clouds, which eventually condense into stars and solid worlds, was arrived at by Herschel himself. From the most diffused nebulosity, barely visible in the most powerful, light-gathering telescopes, to the planetary nebulae, which he supposed to be centrally solid, instances were alleged by him of every stage and phase of such condensation. But the telescope was then, as now, unable to distinguish between the dim rays of the remoter clusters and the milky light of true gaseous nebulae. It was with an altogether different instrument that Dr. Huggins, in 1864, put an end to the fluctuations of opinion which even the great Parsonstown six-foot reflecting telescope had failed to terminate. His examination of a bright planetary nebula in the constellation Draco showed that this body was a mass of glowing vapor. In the next four years the study of some seventy other nebulae showed that fundamentally the composition of all bodies of this class may be assumed to be the same; all are probably in more or less advanced stages of condensation from mere gases into stars.

This view of the gaseous character of the nebulae would have to be considerably modified had Mr. Lockyer's chief premiss been substantiated. Mr. Lockyer seeks to prove that even the most rudimentary of the nebulae are not solely gaseous, but owe their luminosity to the collisions of solid meteoritic bodies of which they are composed. He even extends this generalization to all the heavenly bodies except the hottest stars, in which the meteorites become completely vaporized by the high temperature. The following are some of the leading propositions he lays down.

The existing distinction between stars, comets, and nebulae rests on no physical basis.

All self-luminous bodies in the celestial spaces are composed of meteorites, or of masses of meteoritic vapor produced by

heat brought about by condensation of meteor swarms. The spectra of all bodies depends upon the heat of the meteorites produced by collisions, and the average space between the meteorites in the swarm, or in the case of consolidated swarms, upon the time which has elapsed since complete vaporization.

The temperature of the vapors produced by collisions in nebulae is about that of the Bunsen burner. The temperature of vapors produced by collisions in the hot stars is about that of the Bessemer flame.

Meteorites are formed by the condensation of vapors thrown off by collisions. The small particles increase by fusion brought about again by collisions, and this increase may go on until the meteorites may be large enough to be smashed by collision, when the heat of impact is not sufficient to produce volatilization of the whole mass. New stars, whether seen in nebulae or not, are produced by the clash of meteor swarms.

These are some of the conclusions to which Mr. Lockyer's researches have led him. It will perhaps make his point of view more intelligible if we mention in its favor (1) Schiaparelli's discovery that comets at least are connected with swarms of meteorites; (2) Dr. Huggins's observation of the chief nebular ray as a bright point on the continuous spectrum of comet 1866 I, which remains valid evidence of the physical links between nebulae and comets insisted upon by Mr. Lockyer. It may also be said that in some respects the meteoritic theory would supply the clue to certain phenomena, such as the sudden brightening up in the Andromeda nebula a few years since, and the apparition of new stars, which seem to point to the passage and clashing together of meteor swarms. So far as meteors or shooting stars themselves are concerned, he is able to quote Professor Herschel and Konkoly to the effect that in the generality of meteor falls the lines of magnesium are the first to show themselves, and that the beautiful green light which is so often associated with these falling bodies is due to the incandescence of the vapor of magnesium.

Nevertheless, Mr. Lockyer's theory would appear to have been an *a priori* theory, followed by a diligent search for facts to illustrate it. He sees meteorites everywhere. "The heavens are full of stones, and hardly anything else." And what can these be, he seems to say, but the rudimentary stuff which goes to the

* For an admirable *résumé* of Herschel's work in this and other departments of observational astronomy, see Miss A. M. Clerke's "History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth century."

formation of all the luminous bodies in the heavens? It is only fair to say that recent revelations of the almost incredible number of meteors and meteor swarms which exist in space are sufficient to startle even the most stolid imagination. Professor H. A. Newton and others have calculated that, making all proper corrections, the number of meteorites which might be visible over the whole earth would be a little greater than ten thousand times as many as would be seen at one place. From this we gather that not less than twenty millions of luminous meteors fall upon our planet daily, each of which on a dark, clear night would present us with the well-known phenomenon of a shooting star. If the number of invisible meteorites were added, it would be increased at least twentyfold; this would give us four hundred millions of meteorites falling on the earth's surface daily in her path through space. [Taking their velocity as equal to that of comets, Professor Newton calculates, in round numbers, that the meteorites are distributed each two hundred and fifty miles away from its neighbors. In meteor swarms the distance may be considerably less.] So much for the path of the earth. Mr. Lockyer adds: "If, then, these observations may be accepted as good for any part of space, we may, and indeed must, expect celestial phenomena which can be traced to meteorites in all parts of space."

It is not improbable that Mr. Lockyer's indefatigable work among the meteorites will leave some substantial and valuable results behind; and in any case, his collection of data, whatever the interpretation which may for the moment be put upon them, are a great gain to the science of the chemistry of at least some of the heavenly bodies. But unfortunately for the larger and all-embracing meteoritic theory, Mr. Lockyer, throughout the whole course of his enormous number of ingenious experiments with meteorites in the laboratory,

has staked almost everything upon the coincidence of the chief line in the nebulae with that of the magnesium spectrum. This too confident assumption has been insisted upon by him with increasing urgency, until Dr. Huggins, who has, perhaps, the best title among English spectroscopists to speak for the gaseous character of the nebulae, has felt that a re-examination of the line in question by some other observer than himself would be desirable.* The result of this re-examination, as conducted with the splendid resources of the Lick observatory, has now been made known.

The coming unification of our knowledge of the vast and varied phenomena of the heavenly bodies will not, it may safely be said, be achieved by the meteoritic theory. In addition to the adverse evidence with respect to the magnesium line in the nebulae, there is reason to doubt the assumption that the Orion nebula is at a low temperature, the fineness of the lines of hydrogen pointing, in fact, to a high temperature and a condition of great tenuity of the hydrogen from which the light was emitted. Judging from the aid which photography is now giving to the study of the nebulae, and the interesting forms and structures which are seen in the photographs of the Orion nebula taken by Mr. Common and Mr. Roberts, some of which remind the observer vividly of the branching structures in the solar corona, we are on the eve of some safer inductions in this direction of inquiry than any that have yet been made.

* The labor involved in spectroscopic work upon the heavenly bodies, and the extreme delicacy of eye and hand required, may be inferred from Dr. Huggins's achievements in photographing the spectrum of Vega. The image of the star had to be kept by continual minute adjustment exactly projected upon the slit of the spectroscope one three hundred and sixtieth of an inch in width, during nearly an hour, in order to give it time to imprint the character of its analyzed light upon a gelatine plate raised to the highest pitch of sensitiveness. (Phil. Trans., vol. clxxi. p. 669.)

THE RESIDENCE OF THE JEWISH RABBI.—On the vexed question of the place of residence of the chief rabbi, a matter which has been keenly discussed by the Jewish community in London for months past, a definite arrangement has at last, we learn, been concluded. The exact terms of the agreement are not yet known, but as Lord Rothschild, who has all along favored residence in the East End, has expressed satisfaction with it, it may be safely inferred that this is the district decided upon. There the mass of the

Jewish population reside and work; there also are the majority of their educational institutions, as well as the Jewish board of guardians. The proposal for a Jewish Toynbee Hall for East London has also been warmly taken up, and offers fair prospects of success. As the East End must thus become the central point of religious, philanthropic, and educational activity among the Jews, it seems the natural place of residence for the chief rabbi.

Daily Chronicle.

e
e
.n
g
h
s
a
y
l
-
d
s

l-
f
y
c
l-
e
t
t
e
a
t
e
d
e
g
n
n
e
of
ar
er
n

on
ye
g-
of
n-
he
th
to
ed
ch

so
tu-
di-
ee
ly
ss.
en-
nd
ms
ief

e.